BOUNDARIES OF BAD

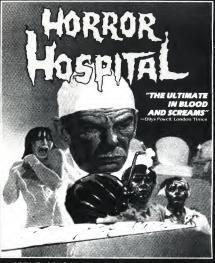


HORROR & SPLATTER & EXPLOITATION FILMS





RADIORCTIVE MUTRITIST REDUCTED MITCHINIKERS! MAN-LATTING HOUSECATS!



MICHAEL GOUGH . ROBIN ASKWITH . VANESSA SHAW

in a RICHARD GORDON production written and directed by ANTHONY BALCH VHS





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lo, I never shut up. Ever.	

cett's Video Vanlt Film Reviews And you thought the movies that we reviewed last issue stunk to high hell. Grab ver handkerchief 'cause this time we've unearthed such foetid wonders as American Nightmare, Barn of the Naked Dead, The Capture of Bigfoot, La Casa al Fondo del Parco, The Cross of the 7 Jewels, La Figlia di Frankenstein, Giallo a Venezia, Girls for Rent, Horror Hospital, I. Tguana della Lingua di Fuoco, Jekyll and Hyde Portfolio, Licantropo, The Love Butcher, The Mad Love Life of a Hot Vampire, The Mummy and the Curse of the Jackal, The Rape After, The Sinful

Dwarf, SS Campo Extermination, Tower of Evil, The Undertaker and His Pals, Wildow Blue, Zombi 3, and 8MM.
Sauff—The Perpetuation of a Myth Article 24
My previous article on snuff films made such waves that Yours Truly - being an
unrepentant opportunist - decide to milk the subject for all it was worth

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So you think you've been having problems on eBay? Check this	s shit out
Stiumata Press Catalog	

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ore foul-ups which we'll inevitably blame on the computer.	

Who really cares what's coming up next issue? You know you'll just have to buy it regardless of what we stuff between the covers, as garish as they may be.

Come visit our web page at: Http://members.aol.com/trashfiend/page/index.htm

Check out page 46 for a list of our really cheap advertisement rates! Buy space now!

# UP SHOW THE DEPTHS

by Scott Aaron Stine

So, so tired.

Have you ever tried self-publishing a magazine, and being responsible for every aspect of producing from the creative to the business end? And then—in a streak of masochism—decide to go quarter for (Remember, folks, that's while working a full-time job. This sith has yet to pay any bills, let alone synthesis title (1), No, I'm not a real smart cooks Bi-annual it is.

Because of this now schools, the following the producing the stream of the producing the stream of the producing the stream of the strea

siderably less time between issues with which to collect enough ranting for an editorial. (Okay, okay... enough with the applause and sighs of relief, all right? Sheesh.) In fact, things are (for the time being) on the upswing: Magazine sales are up (as if they could have bottomed out), the size of our ad base has grown substantially (of course, anything more than one is a substantial increase), and computer crashes and other hardware problems are at a minimum (the Compaq Presario 2266, though, is about as buggy as Renfield, so it's all a matter of perspective). Of course, I'm still destitute (consult last issue for details) and my social life is as wanting as my pocketbook. But, who cares, right? When one has bad films in which to wallow, life is never boring... except when one has almost three thousand films and nothing to frickin' watch. Now if only I could find something somewhere to rent ...

By the end of 1999 (hell, by the end of thismonth), every mom'n' pop video store within reasonable driving distance will be kaput, bought up and taken over by the unholy trinity: Blockbuster Video, Hollywood Video, and Video Update. (There were four culprits in this area not more than a few weeks back, but Blockbuster apparently gave Videoland's chain an offer they just couldn't refuse, big bully that it is.) Long gone are the days where one could still track down hole in the wall video stores liberally stocked with faded and usually tattered display boxes for such obscure efforts as Torture Dungeon, Frankenstein Island, SS Experiment, The Rue Morgue Massacre, and Scream Baby Scream. Now, one must seek out the larger chains' "cult" sections (if indeed they have the balls to carry such films) in the hopes of finding even one of these titles (their garish cover art hastily cut down to fit in a generic

studio clamshell) amidst such "cult favorites" (Cickl) as Return of the Killer Tounces and Surf Nazis Must Die. Occasionally, one can find one of these forgotten gene (no, not the aforementioned 80s dreck, you numbeksill) in Il Blickbuster's PVT sale bin-faciled and crushed, but otherwise infact. Occasionally, (Rumor has it that Blickbuster has warehouses full of this stuff, and only liquidate it during grand openings and other special events.)

Granted, many of these "big box" films aren't worth a whole lot (contrary to what I've seen greedy adundenheads on the Internet trying to sell them for), but-to people like me-they are treasures more valuable than any goldanm Mickly Mantle rooke card or reconditioned Model-T Ford packons Pollack, original, [If anyone wants to throw any of these my way, thereby, fired fire to do just that, it wisties I could buy after turning them over would make me a happy boy indirect.)

Many of the finn we seek are kept in circulation wanter video ordinity, usually a self through layers, but it is these original releases and their boxes that make us cover, tay, a final fart them. From the names of the original distribution—Vizzard, Unicorn, Rogal, MRJ, Sastru, Michaghi, Montrey, Continental, et al.—are mask to our ears. Granted, the prints themselves layers are to be desired, a but year—more offen than rela-grasty, poorly total-orred, or making focuspe (corbin for the desired, the year owner of the desired, and year are removed to the desired of the de

Update rooted every couple of blocks makes one years for the days of yesteryear, pine for the days when one couldn't predict exactly which hundred films constituted the store's 'horror' section. (The fact that few—if any—of these chickenshit corporate outfits carry pom—particularly 70s porn—only make the transition that much more painful.) Since the Pacific Northwest is:

Seeing a homogenized Hollywood Blockbuster

See Up From the Depth Continued on page 46

# Scoti's VIDEO VAULT

by Scott Aaron Stine (with additional commentary by Michael von Sacher Masoch)

Film reviews are accompanied by extensive credits (when any they make themselves readily available) and are outlined accordingly:

Chipard the for fill Thronkinou, of recovery (Tova of productions).

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SPILD = Availability of oxidencesses the and Bille of release [Video label (and format of laps if not NTSC); printed muning time of print, (and format of laps if not NTSC); printed muning time of print, (last) sunguage of print and subbilles; withdecreen letterbroams (LiOS); and—if applicable—my "double-bill" or "imple-bill" features the wideo release may contain [When a munining time for a particular video casesties is erroreously cited on the box or label; the actual video release may not applicable or some of the print it contains as rooted in passerblesis.

numeratory issuewing me used time; I have also done the same with "compressed" running times of non-NTSC formats. As a rule, I run the running time to the nearest minute. Also, RTU = Runring time urknown.)

Some of the filter may also be accompanied by less technical internation, including AOL — Adline Millarthus said in advertisements, PUB - Various promotional materials and publicity grammics used to market and filti, and, for those with weak constitutions and/or a nerise of edition—I've also assend various "Warnings" as to between the constitutions and constitutions are constituted and constitutions and constitutions are constitutions and constitutions are constituted as a constitution of the constitution of

And, not to figget the hardsom episitivepank. I have sensed ortaon films with analysis ring, deliberated by a FLEE at the end of the review. These are included solely for those indicementates included an end of the control of the c

American Nightmare (1981)

Mano Films Ltd. [USA]

DIR: Don McBrearty PRO: Ray Sager

SCR: John Sheppard DOP: Daniel Hainey

EXP: Anthony Kramreither and Paul Lynch

MUS: Paul Zaza

STR: Latty Aubrey, Paul Bradley, Mike Copernan, Neil Dainard, Lawrence Day, Marty Doyce, Page Fletcher, Tom Harvey, Michael Ironside, Peter Lavender, Don MacQuarrie, Nancy Oliver, Alexandra Paul, Lora Staley, Claudia Udy, Bunty Webb, and Lenore Zann

Approximately 85m; Color VID: American Nightmare

[Interglobal Video; 90(85)m] American Nightmare [Media Home Entertainment; 85m]

A young man receives a desperate letter from his sister who ran away several years before and has wound up a hooker in New York. He goes to her call, but finds her missing; with little if any help from their wealthy father, he hooks up with his sister's roommate. Turns out, his sister's the first in a string of slashings, and only the two of them have the key to figuring out who's responsible.

This seedy mystery claims to be "a bratally realistic examination of the underbelly or burlar degradation... played against a garish background of striptease, pornography, drup pedding and protection." and even manages to cash in on the Friday the 13th craze with an unseen killer backing up proxibation. The production of the productio

Despite the sleazy goings-on, the film does boast a passably interesting script and a few believable performances... but not a whole lot else. (To give it some due credit. American Nightmare does make several attempts to deconstruct sessist connoctations common to such low-rent exploitation films, but these are put into uncomfortable perspective by the seemingly endless and American Nightmare continued...

painfully obligatory T&A shots—usually incorporated as strip joint footage—that make up a good third of the film's running time.)

With Michael Ironside (Scanners, V, Watchers, et al.), and produced by the wizard of gore himself, Ray Sager. (Who said H.G. Lewis' cronies wouldn't go on to bigger and better things? Between this and the Prom Night franchies, Sager is surget to be remembered.)

Not nearly as bad as I expected, but then again, I had my fast-forward button on my remote ready at a moment's notice. (So when is that new?)

#### Mike says ...

American Nightmare is a fairly engaging whodumit that boots pheny of broasts enginesse and—five street the best for last—topics jugging! The film also shows some realistic murder scene, and—unlike other films—shows just how difficult it is to kill someone by stranging and drowing. Unfortunetly, the film is predictable, with only a modelum of intelligence one can discorn the identity of the killer long before it is revealed (as well as the inceet subplot!). Furthermore, the laughable conclusion makes

one wonder if the filmmakers just gave up altogether and wanted to wrap things up as quickly as possible. If you want to watch a truly suspenseful film,

If you want to watch a truly suspenseful film, stick with those made by Hitchcock or even Argento in his prime.



#### Barn of the Naked Dead (1973)

DIR: Alan Rudolph

PRO: Gerald Cormier

SCR: Roman Valenti

DOP: E. Lynn EXP: Shirlee F. Jamail

ART: Bill Conway AST: Codie Markley

EFX: Byrd Holland and Douglas White

MUS: Tommy Vig

STR: Richard Alberoni, Sherry Alberoni, Jennifer Ashley, Sheila Bromley, Laura Campbell, Bill Conway, Al Cormier, Byrd Holland, Gil Lamb, Jean Manson, Chuck Niles, David Miller, Leslie Oliver, Andrew Prine, Gyl Roland, Bernie Schwarz, Manuella Thiess, and Markene Tracy AKA: Niehtmare Circus

Terror Circus

Approximately 87m; Color

VID: Barn of the Naked Dead [Air Video; 87m] Nightmare Circus [Regal Video; 87(83)m]

ADL: The Greatest Show In Hell!

Ultra-low budget sleaze involving a young man (Simon, King of the Witches star Andrew Pring) living on the outskirts of a nuclear test site. He finds the solution convenient as he has a hardening for staging solution convenient as he has a hardening for staging the property of the stage of the stage of the stage with the left of yourse featively for his own phosuncy with the left of yourse featively for his own phosuncy with the left of yourse featively for the stage of the living that the left of the stage of the stage with the left of the stage of the stage of the line with the stage of the stage later—who has become a crusty faced monster after being exposed to radiation from the aforementioned site-lives in an outnotes part a store, strong from the secluded ranch. As could be espected, he occasionally secluded ranch. As could be espected, he occasionally onesting the stage of the stage process.

The gote is sparse, and the production values are abysmal. (The script is particularly inept, with more plot holes and continuity problems than even the direct Ed Wood, Ir, production). But who cares, right? this trash, and the best garbage can't help but put up a stink. If, being an exploitation junkle, you havorn't alway come across a copy of this (Barn of the Naked Dead?). Barn of the Naked Dead continued...

moniker?), I suggest you do so now. Everyone else, though, should keep their distance. Especially if you're down wind.

Director Alan Rudolph somehow managed to keep from being kicked out of Hollywood, and went on to make some fairly notable—although completely innocuous—mainstream films. (With all of the mindnumbing comedies and dramas now to his credit, methinks he should have stuck with his original vision of what filmmaking was all about.)

#### Mike says...

As one who always gives a film the benefit of the doubt, I'd like to go on record as saying Barn of the Naked Dead is a god awful piece of shit, with much of the fault being almed at the scriptwriter. Some questions, First of all, the film's crazed hippie ringmaster has a beyv of about ten or so women chained up in the barn, but does he have sex with any of them? Nooo, of course not. Hell, none of them even get nude. So what does he do with them, you ask? What else would a sex-starved psychopath do with abducted women on a ranch in the middle of the desert? Exactly! You would make them walk around in circles raising and lowering their arms. (By far, this is the most non-sexploitive sexploitation film I've ever seen) We are also led to believe that women in the 70s weren't smart enough to realize that-being chained up in a dilapidated barn with the psycho just outside-screaming "The keys! He's left the keys!" at the top of their lungs would have renercussions. Hey, did I mention the radioactive mutant man kept locked in an outhouse (the clasp of which is held shut with a toothnick)? Not only does he look like someone simply threw a banana cream nie in his face and called it "special effects," he has the uncanny ability to sneak up on two hunters in broad daylight in the middle of the desert with

To add insult to injury, you have to wait a looong time for some really tame gore. The ending is nihilistic, to be sure, but it isn't worth having to watch this dreck.



# nothing more than scrub brush to hide behind. The Capture of Bigfoot (1979)

- DIR: Bill Rebane
- PRO: Bill Rebane
- SCR: Ingrid Neumayer and Bill Rebane
- DOP: Ito and Bela St. Jon

  EXP: Peter Fink and M. Dan Stroick
- MFX: Vince Prentice and Tom Schwartz
- MUS: Keith Irish and Mitch Irish STR: Bill Cannon William Dooter 1
  - 8. Bill Cannon, William Dexter, John Eimerman, Wally Blaherty, George Bower, Verkins Flower, Greg Gault, John Golf, Patty Holzmann, Katherine Flopkins, Doug Bold, Mitch Hrish, Woody Jarvis, Richard Kennedy, Mitz Kress, Durwood McDonald, Stafford Morgan, Jamus Raudkivi, Randolph Scott, Nelso C. Sheppo, Jeana Tomasino, Otis Young, and Harry Youston.

Approximately 90m; Color

VID: The Capture of Bigfoot [Active Home Video: 92(90)m]

A couple of backwoods trappers manage to saran what they and the viewer same to be the legadary sasquark; only half right, they quickly discover the error of their ways when the shager jyke's mother comes calling, none too pleased with their ablaction hundren manages to survive the orderid (hardy) and is dragged by his huskies back to what passes for civilization in them thar hills. With empirical evidence pilling up in favor of the legend, if doesn't take long for an unethical businessoman to realize that there's money an unethical businessoman to realize that there's money could be a survive of the legend, if the control of the covolutionary abertation, but an arcive to fairn post that so the control of the covolution of the covolutionary abertation, but an arcive to fairn post that so the covolution of the



The Capture of Bigfoot continued... that's what the film's scriptwriters claim the foul

smelling beastie is, anyway.) Bill Rebane, the progenitor of many passably engaging low-budget shockers, does it again. (This one would have made a wonderful double-bill with his no-

budget take on Creature of the Black Lagoon, namely Rana-The Legend of Shadow Lake (1981) aka Croaked-Frog Monster from Hell.) Although it takes itself seriously, even trying like hell to muster up a handful of poignant moments, the film's charm lies in a wonderfully silly monster. (In this case, a man in an overstuffed mohair body suit with some Planet of the Apes make-up slapped on.) Oh, and don't forget the often incongruous soundtrack. (Sorry, but even to a 70s enthusiast like me, a wah-wah peddle seems a bit out of place in a bigfoot flick.)

The stable of actors aren't half bad, but then, I'd be partial to this film if only because it offers George "Buck" Flower in one of the most substantial roles of his career. (His daughter is also on hand, having grown a tad since co-starring with daddy in Drive-In Massacre.) Also present is Richard Kennedy, a wonderful character actor who appeared in Don Edmonds infamous "Ilsa" films (Ilsa - She Wolf of the SS and Ilsa - Harem Keeper of the Oil Sheiks, 1974 and 1976, respectively) as well as the same director's gritty crime flick Bare Knuckles (1975). (For the former two, he used the pseudonym of "Wolfgang Roehm.")

Early on, Troma bought the rights to this film; proprietor Lloyd Kaufmann, the man directly responsible for such films as Troma's War and The Toxic Avenger trilogy, claims that The Capture of Bigfoot and the aforementioned Rana are by far two of, if not the worst films in their catalogue. Having seen most of Troma's output (God help me) I can say that this just isn't so.

Occasionally vapid, but charming all the same.

Mike says ...

You haven't lived until you've seen an all-ages bigfoot movie where the creature looks like a hairier version of the Gremlin from that William Shatner episode of The Twilight Zone (or perhaps a taller, whiter version of Chaka from the original Land of the Lost) throwing around rubber bodies. Being PG, there is almost no gore, which doesn't help matters at all. Neither do the local police, who spend most of their time doing bad impressions. (Humphrey Bogart, John Wayne, Columbo ... even my impressions are better than theirs.) Despite the fact that George "Buck" Flower fin the biggest role of his career) is the only good thing going for this film, I still found it somewhat eneaging Why? Maybe it's because I'm getting soft in my old age. Or maybe it's because the acid kicked in a little too early. Who's to say?

## La Casa al Fondo del Parco [The House on the Edge of the Park] (1987)

Giuliano Carmineo

PPO-Maurice Matthew

David Parker, Ir. DOP-Robert Garder

Franco Giannini [Make-Up]

Stefano Mainetti

Dominguez, Eva Grimaldi, Ana Silvia Gruvlion.

Pepito Guerra, Luisa Menon, Werner Pochath, Victor Pujols, Jose Reles, and David Warbeck AKA: The Rat Man

Approximately 78m; Color

The Rat Man [Caribbean ABC Video; 90(78)m] VID:

ADL: HE IS THE TERROR

#### La Casa al Fondo del Parco continued...

Parco revolves around a general engineering and former properties of the properties

The production values are typical of mid-80s ltalian fare (save for the muddled script), but who cares, really? The scene with the title critier crawling out of a tottled stands as one of the grandest moments in the sames exploitation film history, (Sorry, but the similar scene in Choules (dulr't cut it.) If sworth having to wade through all of the stage of inshine shoots and stilled to the stage of the stage of the stage of the wade through all of the stage of inshine shoots and stilled in the stage of the stage of the stage of the wade through all of the same probable of the same probable of the same probable of the stage of the same probable of the same probable of same probable

value is concerned—it's worth its weight in gold.

#### Mike says...

Without a doubt, this wonderfully awtifu movie cames my award for politically incorrect movie of the year. All of this can be attributed to the director filming set as loss the words's smallest mas, sitting in a cage, crawling out of a builet, and chewing on animal insentence. To add insult to ripury, they adubbed him worker with monkey sounds.) The scenes where he attacks and kills people are even furniters, as we are led to believe that a fruil de la Rosa is capable of brutally manchening someone. (During these senses, the actors



EVA GRIMALDE \* NELSON DE LA ROSA LUISA MENON \* WERNER POCHATH written by DAVID PARKER Jr. produced by FULVIA FILM Sri. directed by ANTHONY ASCOTT

hold onto de la Rosa and rock back and forth, simulating an attack while trying their damnedest not to hurt him.) Unfortunately, the rest of the movie is not as

good. First of all, scenes of "high tension" are drawn out until the tension turns to tedium, and the rest of the film is padded out with fashion shoots. There is a gratuitous shower scene—no, I mean a really gratuitous shower scene—that is gratuitous sen by scephilation standards, and some gore, although this isn't as gratuitous set he see.

Recommended.

#### The Cross of the 7 Jewels (1994)

G.C. Pictures [France]
DIR: Marco Antonio Adolfo

SCR: Marco Antonio Adolfo

DOP: Carlo Poletti

EFX: Eddy Endolf

MUS: Paolo Rustichelli STR: Franco Altobelli

R: Franco Altobelli, Giorgio Ardissos, Annie Belle, Umberto de Luca, Mario Donatone, Eddy Endolf, Paolo Fiorino, Irmgard Konnertz, Gino Lodero, Giulio Massimini, Gio Batta Merlo, Marco Merlo, Gordon Mitchell, Stefano Murè, Antonietta Rinaldi, Gino Serra, Glauco Simonini, Cristoforo Veithen, Piero Vivaldi, and Zaira Zoccheddu

Approximately 86m; Color

Some petty thieves steal a jeweled cross from an obviously desperate man, and end up blackmailing him for its return. He doesn't get it back in time and—come midnight—he turns into a half-baked werewolf. (Except for a fuzzy mask and gloves, he runs around au natural. Hey, I don't know about wou but I'd be scared.) Worse

The Cross of the 7 Jewels continued...

yet, his wolfs breath is apparently pungent enough to melt anyone it comes in contact with. (Huh? Guess he needs a box of those fancy-shmancy dog biscuits with the breath fresheners.)

I honestly didn't think anyone made films like this anymore. The Cross of the 7 Jewels would have been an oddity in the 70s, but twenty years later, its an exceptionally awkward find. Production values are diffined to the control of the control of the control of the films is droll; the next, the viewer is taken back by such sights as a wonan in a ritualistic copy being banged by what looks like a giant muskrat. Foolage is constantly recycled, and colored filmen are abused to the point of being illegal in forty-nine of the fifty states. And et's not lane murders.

Of course, the high point is our resident flabitten andthero (if anyone is familiar with the nearly forgotten Marvel Comisc character Red Wolf, you'll have some idea what he looks like) The transformation sequences are the most tepid ever put to screen, even on fast forward, they go on forewer. He is also the most listless beast man ever to grace the screen; instead of statisking with a bestil fury, he calmy walls up to each and every victim before meting out their fates. Truly, truly odd.

#### Mike says ...

of wive beard of movies as had they're good, right? Well, this int one of them. The trushware pix is nothing more than a calabyst for a string of awdid special medium processes and a calabyst for a string of awdid special the Appen right with a hirt of Sinapach. Then there's a wereword transformation sequence that's not only a sing when they may be a string them in the 1986, it was tillned in alsome and topped off with some unboundly with a wereword that though the a 20 surper hero or a cheep's word and survey mouter. There's also some medium was been fall for a fact of the controlling was break folk Rakefors of the Lat Ara, home bladder gore effects, and optical effects so but that they prostructured.

The only thing that might have made this film worth waithing is the nully and solorone see, whichthanks to some Jayanese conson-is fogged on the print I watched, thus ending that avenue of pleasure. There is some humer throughout, but I doubt it was intentional. (The scenes where the mark of clother magically disappear and reappear when he transforms are reminiscent of the Incerdible Hally, See if you want a good horror novio, I suggest you rent Annie, or maybe even a Christian documentary instead.

# La Figlia di Frankenstein [The Daughter of Frankenstein] (1971)

DIR: Ernst von Theumer

PRO: Ernst von Theumer

SCR: Umberto Borsato, Egidio Gelso, and A. Luppi

DOP: Riccardo Pallotini

EXP: Humbert Case, Harry C. Cushing, and Jules Kenton

SFX: CIPA

MUS: Alessandro Alessandroni

STR: Richard Beardley, Joseph Cotten, Herbert Fuchs, Mickey Hargitay, Renate Kasché, Johnny Joffrey, Peter Martinov, Paul Müller, Rosalba Neri, Ada Pometti, Andrew Ray, Lorenzo Terzon. Adam Welles, and Peter Whiteman

AKA: La Fille de Frankenstein [The Daughter of Frankenstein] Lady Frankenstein

Lady Frankenstein, Cette Obsedée Sexuelle

Approximately 99m; Color VID: Lady Frankenstein

VID: Lady Frankenstein [Embassy Home Entertainment; 84m] Lady Frankenstein

[United American Video Corporation; 84m]

The silent evil that haunts Transylvania emerges again in Lady Frankenstein, daughter of the

late and eminent Doctor Frankenstein. Obsessed with the desire to create her perfect man she sets out to piece together her lover from dismembered qualified candidates. Murder and mayhem abound as this amorous mad scientist produces not only her lover but a horrific and terrifying love story."

Unfortunately, La Fiella di Frankenstein is not

nearly as insipid as the video box makes it out to be, had it been worse, it may at least have been amusing. As it stands, the film is a forgettable shocker that sticks to the formula established fortry years previous. Of course, being the 70s, La Figlia di Frankenstein does not shy away from that deede's excesses. See and violence is gratuitous, although most of this is missing from six the standard of the standard of the standard of the six through. The

Dr. Frankenstein (Joseph Cotton) is up to his old tricks again, but finally succeeds with a little help from his over-achieving daughter. Complications arise when they have to settle with a damaged brain; upon reachier consciousness, the creature wakes up and gives the old doc an overzealous bear hug, leaving Missy to clean up the mess and continue on with the experiments alone. La Figlia di Frankenstein continued...

(One humorous touch has the creature's face catch on fire when they pump him full of to much jinice, leaving him to look like he fell asleep in his breakfast, cutmeal on his puss and a packed egg where his yes should be. There is a lot of oppressing atmosphere to be had thanks to the photography and ambient store—but this will only interest hardcore fane of 7th Euro-gothic sleave. Transfering, though, might find themselves nodding off on the off chance there's no blood or breasts to be had.

Andy Warhol's Frankenstein, bereft of the humor and over the top gratuity, and lacking the innovation to make it work on any other level.

#### Mike says...

Lady Frankenstein is a slow moving but atmospheric horor dama that offers the viewer playin of slows, and a unique version of the Frankenstein story. What good that could have come from this fill in staken away by the extremely cheap make up effects and props. Worse still is the fillin slope, which gets prognessively worse as the fillin goes on, (After a brain transplant, at may gains super-huma strength, and even sounds like his old self despite the fact that their brains and not their view bows were switched.

Rent only as a last ditch effort to find something new to watch.



#### Giallo a Venezia [Giallo in Venice] (1979)

DIR: Mario Landi

PRO: Gabriele Crisanti

SCR: Aldo Serio

DOP: Franco Villa

EXP: Marcello Spingi MFX: Mauro Gavazzi

MUS: Berto Pisano

STR: Jeff Blynn, Eolo Capritti, Eleonora Crisofani, Gianni Dei, Giancarlo del Duca, Maria Angela Giordan, Vassili Karamesinis, Maria Mancini, and Michele Renzullo

AKA: Crimen sin Huella [Crime without Footsteps]

Gore in Venice

Approximately 91m; Color

A police investigator who only eats hardboiled eggs (Get it? Hardboiled?) is heading a case involving a sadistic killer who likes "sticking it" to women of questionable morals. In the meantime, a couple is facing a bit of a hurdle when the guy can only get it up anymore while whipping his girlifriend or looking at antique erotica. Eventually, he forces her into a threesome, and finally lures her into more dangerous realms of sex play, much to her chagrin.

The very first frame of the film depicts a brutal stabling, but Gallo a Venezia soon wanders into a different territory, wallowing in unrestrained sleaze until the second mustler excurs almost forty minutes into the film. The gore is sparse, but the few scenes the attein framework of the film of the film

Outside of the unsettling violence-towardswomen bent, Giallo a Venezia is pretty standard, lowrent Euro-trash that should appeal to anyone with a hankering for politically incorrect mysteries. (Shoot, I think this would've been in bad taste even in the 70s.

# Girls for Rent (1974) Independent International Pictures Corp. (USA)

DIR: Al Adamson PRO: Samuel M. Sherman

SCR: John d'Amato DOP: Gary Graver

EXP: Dan Q. Kennis

STR: Tally Cochrane, Eric Cord, Hank Friedman, Mikel James, Robert Livingston, Robbie McClure, Susan McIver, Rosalind Miles, Preston Pierce, Addison Randall, Georgina Spolyin, Kent

Taylor, Hugh Warden, and Pat Wright AKA: Fatal Pursuit I Spit on Your Corpse

Approximately 88m; Color VID: Fatal Pursuit i Marat

VID: Fatal Pursuit [Marathon Video; 88m]
1 Spit on Your Corpse [Super Video; 88m]
ADL: "They're dying to love her..."



catches up with Donna, but is herself done in during a frantic chase, gun battle and fiery explosion."

Not only is this low synepsis fathy accurate, it also gives away all the menty parts (flut, low), you would've read it anyway, right?) Despite this, Girls for Rent is an interesting and even unpredictable crine; got from the master of patchwork atrocties, Al Adamson. Not only is stock footgag at an intimum here, the film even manages to throw a few well-aimed purches that are exemplary when taking the director's other works into consideration. Even the production qualities—not from those found in his fils and 70 not mans. A far or from those found in his fils and 70 not mans.

Although not bloodlose, gore is slight, reserved for such scenes as the aforementioned colus interruptus via shorgun seene. (A fruly disturbing scene that his not lost its shock value twenty-frive years after the fact. Of course, it would be even more effective were you, the viewer, not expecting it; the synopsis above, and the garantic overspainting depicting the selfamme scene on the video box—erroneous as it may be—are there to make sure vou know exactly what 5 coming.)

Spelvin, star of the infamous adults only classic Spelvin star of the infamous adults only classic The Devil in Miss [Spelcin College 1]. The Devil in Miss [Spelcin College 2] though she may have been a passable actress in porn fileds, her abilities would be strained in "straight" film of admirable (Exploitation afficiensation may netice it odd that what little midulty her role requires is relegated to the second half of the film. Funny in that, when hiring the services of adult film actors and actrosses, filmmakers usually take full advantage of their filmmakers usually take full advantage of their filmmakers usually take full advantage of their filmmakers. The second collection of the second collection of the films production.

A pleasantly nasty little flick, sure to please trash fiends and Adamson fans alike.

#### Mike says...

as a boring made for Victime like, it quickly house no the gratuitous multiy, and eventually takes a turn for the bistane with some disturting elements and a rithlistic ending, which vaught me of quard. As usual there are some problems, mainly the incensistent and usually observious stock music that does not fit the action, and the pole devices. Giveryone—and I mon everyone the pole devices, Giveryone—and I mon everyone convenient for someone to sold.

Have to recommend this fill, it don't because I

I have to recommend this film, if only because I was left to wonder if downbeat endings are such a good thing. If you love movies that leave a bad taste in your mouth, then this one will not disappoint you.

#### Horror Hospital (1973)

DIR: Antony Balch PRO: Richard Gordon

SCR: Antony Balch and Alan Watson DOP: David McDonald

OP: David McDe

MUS: De Wolfe

STR: Robin Askwith, Kenneth Benda, James IV Boris,
Kurt Christian, Michael Gough, Martin Grace,
George Herbert, Allan Hudson, Simon Lust,
Skip Martin, Ellen Pollock, Dennis Price,

Vanessa Shaw, Colin Skeaping, and Barbara Wendy

AKA: Computer Killers Doctor Bloodbath

El Hospital del Horror [The Hospital of Horror]
Approximately 90m; Color

Approximately 90m; Color VID: Horror Hospital [MPI Home Video; 90m]

A poor man's Mick Jagger (Robin Askwith) decided he needs a break and a hippie resort. (Namely "Hairy Holidays" Yun in the Sun for Under '88." You should be able to date this flick on this alone, I le meets up with a gif on the train who happers to be going where he is, although it's to see her Aunt Harris. The resort is a rose, though, to supply Dr. Storm (Michael Gough) with guinea pigs for his wacky experiments that turns the young into mindless zondhes (not much of a

Harris is the doctor's crotchety old assistant. This recipe for destruction also includes a smart-ass-but sometimes ingratiating-dwarf, a car equipped with blades that somehow manage to decapitate passers-by (forget the fact that it's only a couple of feet off the ground), and a seldom seen "monster" trolling the halls of the

sanitarium in the wee hours of the morning Why everyone raves about this being such a clever parody of the horror genre is beyond me Horror Hospital-besides being painfully dated-is a droll shocker that occasionally makes some well meaning, but usually ineffectual stabs at the clichés which even today threaten to drag the horror film down, kicking and screaming. (Maybe some of the pretentiousness comes with the fact Balch had done some collaboration with the notorious beat writer William S. Burroughs, whose works are still considered quite groundbreaking, and rightfully so.) Regardless, this movie works much better as a cheap schlock than anything else, and even then it proves to be fairly tiring. Furthermore, gore is relegated to the aforementioned decaps, save for one poor soul with raw hamburger smeared on his face.

Hey, if you pause your VCR during one of the decapitation scenes, you can actually see a stagehand tossing one of the rubber props over the edge of the mobile guillotine blade. (C'mon, people; excising a couple of frames would've fixed that faux pas right up.



# L'Iguana della Lingua di Fuoco [The Iguana with the Tongue of Fire] (1971)

Les Films Corona [France] Oceania [Italy] and Terra Filmkunst [West Germany] DIR: Riccardo Freda

SCR: Alessandro Continenza, Günther Ebert, and Riccardo Freda

DOP: Silvano Ippoliti MUS: Stelvio Cipriani

Approximately 91m: Color

MUS: Stelvio Cipriani
STR: Dominique Boschero, Valentina Cortese, Anton Diffring, Sergio Doria, Ruth Durley, Dagmar Lassander, Arthur O'Sullivan, Luigi Pistilli,

Werner Pochat, and Rehato Romano
AKA: La Iguana [The Iguana]
La Iguana de la Lengua de Fuego
[The Iguana with the Tongue of Fire]
La Lengua de Fuego [The Tongue of Fire]

A body of a woman—throat slashed and features disfigured beyond recognition with acid—is found in the trunk of an ambassador's car. The police are stumped because there is seemingly no motive, and this viewer was so nonplused about the whole thing he decided to

truly unengaging. (What is most disappointing is that it was perpetrated by the selfsame director who gave us the groundbreaking piece of necrophilic gothica L'Orribile Segreto del Dottor Hichcock (1962), as well giving Mario Baya his start in the business ) The film suffers from an endless supply of obtrusive close-ups. some of the worst editing ever to accompany fight scenes, the forced inclusion of the film's title in the proceedings, and-here's my favorite-blaring musical clues that kick in when someone is shown to own a pair of black sunglasses, since that is the killer's method of disguise. Needless to say, everyone in the film has a pair. (Profoundly funny that at one point-after a dozen such cues-the camera zooms onto a pair of some old woman's prescription eyeglasses sitting on a desk, butsince they're not sunglasses-no cue. Trust me, in the context of the film, it's a riot.)

As for the gore, the first and last of the murders committed are particularly graphic—even for the time but all of the killings in the interim amount to little more than smeared fake blood on still-breathing actors.



# The Jekyll and Hyde Portfolio (1971)

DIR: Eric Jeffrey Haims

PRO: Eric Jeffrey Haims SCR: Donn Greer

DOP-

STR: Nancy Avers, René Bond, Terri Bond, Sebastian Brooks, Sandy Carey, Gray Daniels, Cathie Demille, Duane Grace, Donn Greer, Hump Hardy, Terri Johnson, Casey Larrain, Philin Lionel, Ric Lutz, Mady Maguire, Lexy Morrell, Melissa Ruiz, Eve Standish, John Terry, Jane Tsentas, and Nora Wieternik

Approximately 78m: Color

Here's an obscure little number for va'. Someone is knocking off inmates at the Florence Nightingale Institute, an insane asylum for women. While the director, the twitchy Dr. Cabala, is off playing in his lab, the nurses take to feeling up and ogling the patients. You think some of Andy Milligan's early films

are exceptionally bad, The Jekyll and Hyde Portfolio isn't much better, and could easily be mistaken for one of that director's films were it not for the credits. The acting is god-awful (save for the presence of porn star

#### Licantropo [Lycanthrope] (1996) Television Española [Spain] and Videokine [Spain]

DIR: Jacinto Molina Alvarez

PRO: Primitivo Rodriguez

SCR: Margarita Pardo

DOP-Manuel Mateos EXP: Frank I. Lopez

Carlos Robera [Make-Up] MFX-

Jose Ignacio Cuenca and Tonky de la Peña MUS: STR:

Marta Molero Alfonso, Alicia Altabella, Jacinto Molina Alvarez, Mariano Arraud, Alvaro Blazquez, Jose Maria Caffaril, Jesus Calle, Teofilo Calle, Birta Casal, Marcus Dill, Rosa Fontana, Jesus Gallo, Palomo Garcia, Francisco Guerrero, Bill Holden, Iva Isanta, Santos Lopez, Javier Lovola, Jorge R. Lucas, Luis Maluenda, Javier Mirantes, Carmen Mosquera, Rory Mullen, Amparo Muñoz, Pilar Ordoñez, Marcos Ortiz, Antonio Pica, Julio Pimentel, Ester Ponce, Alvaro Ouiroga, Carlos Ramo, Fernando Ranz, Luis Miguel Rodriguez, Pablo Scola, Jose Truchado, Alberto Urtado, and Velilla Valuena AKA: Licantropo-El Asesino de la Luna Llena

[Lycanthrope-The Killer of the Full Moon] Approximately 91m; Color

Central Europe, 1944. A nazi officer is caught having an affair with a gypsy woman, and her brother

René Bond, although even she can't salvage the dialogue), the editing migraine-inducing (Dramamine) Now!), the photography grainy and consisting of an abundance of pointless camera shots, and the score consists entirely of overly familiar stock music. Even worse, we are subjected to gratuitous frog dissection footage. (I swear the film would be ten minutes shorter if they deleted it all. And to make things worse, they drench the froggy carnage in at least a quart's worth of fake blood.) And let's not forget the narrated intro given by someone whose knowledge of psychology is whatever he managed to glean from abvsmally written horror films. The films highlights include gory murders

accompanied by carnival music, a hunchback who tries to steal away Paul Naschy's Lifetime Achievement Award for Profuse Drooling, and some reasonably realistic and erotic lesbian footage. (Sadly, René Bond wasn't involved in these scenes. Worse yet, Bond is the only actress who doesn't get nekkid in the film, whereas everyone else isn't on screen for more than ten seconds before they doff their tons. And she's the porn actress.

Okay, so I enjoyed it. So sue me. 3rt 3rt 3rt

promptly kills the German despite the fact he saved his sister's life. Now pregnant, she hightails it, knowing full well her offspring will be cursed.

Visaria, 1996. A string of murders ensue, the first being a pro whose "jugular's been slashed, intestipes ripped out, limbs torn, as if she's been through a blender." Meanwhile, writer and family man Waldemar Daninsky is suffering from bad dreams and stomach cramps, and-not coincidentally-he is connected to several of the murder victims.

Thirteen years after the last "El Hombre Lobo" affair, this fur-faced icon of 70s Spanish horror is back, considerably older, and displaying a little less fur. As could be expected. Daninsky's origin has again been changed so as to convenience the storyline, and the angst is laid on quite thick (although Naschy née Alvarez has to share screen time with a much larger cast). Since the werewolf antics are now quite dated, the scriptwriter throws a serial killer into the fold in an effort to pacify modern horror filmgoers. The production values aren't half bad, but this

actually depends on if you care for the 70s look and feel of the film, the story is reasonably entertaining (even if it's wholly predictable) and the characters engaging, but this is hindered by what has to be some of the most atrocious acting, stilted dialogue, and horrendous postsynch dubbing ever to grace a Naschy film.

#### Licantropo continued...

A further disappointment, the gore is mostly offscreen (with only some slight after-the-fact carnage thrown in as an afterthought). Some CGI morphing is taken advantage of occasionally, apparently to compensate for the slim effects work, but-thankfully-this is kept to an absolute minimum. And, of course, there's Naschy himself; not only is he getting up their in years. relying on a stunt double (and a poorly cast one at that) for action-oriented sequences, his make-up has been toned down considerably. (When compared to other films in the series, it looks as if the effects artist got tired of doing applications about halfway through and left it at that.) Not that his lycanthropic alter ego was all that scary to begin with, but now he looks absolutely impoverished

For El Hombre Lobo fans only.

#### Mike says ...

It's a sad day when Paul Naschy feels obligated to do one last El Hombre Lobo film, especially when he's well past his prime. (In fact, seeing him turn into a werewolf for the first time, he appears to be suffering from extreme heart and back pains, problems that probably have a lot more to do with old age and not lycanthropy.) This aside, there is still no reason to rent or own Licantropo. The horrible dubbing sounds as if it was done by only two people, gore is sparse, the makeup effects the worst I've seen in an El Hombre Lobo film (so bad that Mr. Bertsch and I decided to call him "El Homely Lobo" from here on out), and the morphing effects even worse

Stick with films starring a young Paul Naschy; you'll be glad you did.

## The Love Butcher (1975)

- DIR: Mikel Angel and Don Jones PRO-Micky Belski and Gary Williams
- SCR: James Evergreen and Don Jones
- DOP: Don lones and Austin McKinney ART: Ron Foreman and Val West
- Richard Hieronymus MUS

STR: leremiah Beecher, Neal Byers, Darlene Chaffee. Len Dawson, Marcus Flower, Ray Fradette, Tim James, Marilyn Jones, Bill Kousaki, Carl Lewis, Eve Mac, Joe Marcello, Lillie McCormick. Charles McDonald, Kay Neer, Peter Netzhand Louis Ojena, Joe Poet, Ray Robb, Edward Roehm, Helene Sedaka, Miz Sedaka, Robin Sherwood, Mary Jo Smith, Erik Stern, John Stoglin, Ted Thomas, Joan Vigman, Robert Walter, and Forrest White

Approximately 85m; Color VID: The Love Butcher

[Monterey Home Video; 84(85)m] ADL: He wants more than your love.

Here's what the video box states: "What is the relationship between a crippled myopic old man and the grisly murders that have the police baffled? A psychotic killer is leaving a trail of slain women and a news reporter thinks he has dis-covered the connection. Now if only he is not too late "

Well, the connection is obvious, even though the lead actor does an admirable job of playing the part of a womanizing psycho with an identity crisis on his hands that's a skirt away from Norman Bates' gender-bending role-playing. Still, the film succeeds in being engaging even when it is predictable. (If only we could say the same for most of today's films.)

Psycho-inspired slasher flick (made long before lason and his hare-brained ilk became the standard on which slasher films focused). Set apart mostly by its tongue-incheek approach, this film also seems to be ahead of its



time, playfully poking fan at the contrivances and rampant sexism in like films. Production values are fairly slick for a low-budget exploitationer, although some of the performances bring it down a notch or two, although this deters most trash fiends. Gorehounds, though, will find little to chew on here; there is such slight—albeit effective—splainer to accompany the insurance of the control of the control of the time period.

A recommended obscurity that should never have fallen to the wayside.

#### Mike says ...

What makes this movie worth recommending is the wonderfully eccentric—if not a wee bit on the hammy side—performance by the actor who portrays the title character. With that being the sole reason to watch this film, little else matters.

Although tense, the gove is cellised in such a way so that the bloodchafe is directive. There is a loss own terrible comic relied, with numic to accompany the land humar, and -Ack-mone had lamphoye Bigart humar, and -Ack-mone had lamphoye Bigart had been a land of the state of the state of the state of this. God, pleuse, make there attay the Rigart imperson-attained (past wat until next tissue when I make you sattler through La Cissa of Apantismento where the hero never stope doing a Bodge impersonation, fame well see show the state of the state

#### Mad Love Life of a Hot Vampire (1971)

DIR: Ray Dennis Steckler

PRO: Ray Dennis Steckler

SCR: Ray Dennis Steckler
STR: Carolyn Brandt, Rock Heinrich, Kim Kim, Fitz.

King, Will Long, Ken Moore, Jim Parker III, Sam, and Greta Smith Approximately 51m; Color

VID: Mad Love Life of a Hot Vampire [Something Weird Video; 51m]

This is one of those stoned hippie wonders that really doesn't have a story to speak of, but looks to have been made up as they (the cast and crew) went along. Narrated by Steckler's main squeeze Brandt (using the pseudonym of "Jane Bond") as Elena, the Wife of Dracula, the film has Dracula oggling the camera and chewing the scenery with a crew of vampiric servants (all sporting raincoats, no less) in tow. When not watching lezzie threesomes, he pontificates about making "love, not war." (All the while, his hunchback servant-played by the only actor actually worse than the Count-spanks his monkey in the background.) Eventually, something of a plot emerges when a student calls in the infamous Van Helsing when his sister's body mysteriously disappears after she is killed in a car accident. But, of course, this is neither here nor there, as this only complicates the action. Bad by even Steckler's low standards (it's no

surprise he employed the "Sven Christian" pseudonym for this particular ultra-cheapie), Mad Love Life of a Love See Assured to Vampire was probably filmed over a single weekend in a single motel room. (Undoubtedly, the flophouse was situated next to an airport, as the actory voices are often drowned out by low flying planes. Trust me... this isn't

a detriment to the film.) Most of the hardcore footage inevitably leads to the actrosses (if I may apply the term here with no intent to deceive the vinever) sporting dime store Halloween fangs and grawing on their lovers wereliss. (Luckly, the teeth they bought came with a free bottle of "Vampire Blood," which they liberally ment all over the limit ofkies chitering us the set The



Mad Love Life of a Hot Vampire continued...

film also boasts unreadable handwritten title cards, incongruous stock music, and Jim Parker III, who was a host for Creature Features on KVVU Channel 5 from the mid 60s to the mid 70s. It his participation in this film had anything to do with the downfall of such an illustrious career, one can only guess. Oh, and the art direction was by "do Sude" if only from the quality of men and the control of the contr

If this sucker doesn't sate yer thirst for truly bad porn horror, Something Weird so graciously tacks on about forty minutes of the only known surviving footage of Steckler's The Horny Vampire at the end of this tape. Lucky you. And you thought Steckler's The Chooper (1971) was a chore to sit through. Ugh. XXX

#### Mike savs...

Saying this movie is bottom of the barrel would be giving it credit; Whoever said life Wood Jr. was a back never saw this or any of these other porn horrors Scott has made me suffer through, (Unlike the others, this one is worth masturbating to, but I never had the opportunity because Scott was in the other norm)

There are a few humorous scenes, but Mad Love Life of a Hot Vampire is mostly unwatchable with the awful comic book-style narration, inept screenwriting, obnoxious performances, and lack of continuity.

#### The Mummy and the Curse of the Jackals (1969)

Vega international Pictures, Inc. IUSA

- DIR: Oliver Drake
- PRO: William C. Edwards SCR: William C. Edwards DOP: William G. Troiano
- EXP: Manuel J. Robbins
- MFX: Byrd Holland
- SFX: Harry Woolmar
  - TR: Robert Allen Brown, John Carradine, Judy Cassell, Maurine Dawson, Frankle Dee, Anthony Eisley, Saul Goldsmith, Drake Michaels, Marliza Pons, Burke Reynolds, Rebecca Rothchild, Nancy Sheldon, and William
- AKA: Mummy and Curse of the Jackal Mummy's Curse of the Jackal
- Approximately 81m; Color VID: Mummy and Curse of the Jackal
- [Academy Home Entertainment; 86(81)m]
  ADL: "Immune to the ravages of time, they are condemned to live... forever."

"A beautiful Egyptian princess is drugged and buried alive her pieuou tome encloses her casket and the mummified remains of her faithful servant, Condemend by a palous priest, the princes cannot live or die, until the seal of her casket is bresset cannot live or die, until the seal of her casket is bresset, and the bowever, steps in to slit the priest before his pilot can be fuffilled, and he travels across the years as the spirit of a Jackak jackasity guarding his evil 100c.

Not quite the epic film the promoters of the videos want you to believe it is, this description sums up naught but a short flashback sequence that vainly tries to give some credence to the film's "action," as it were.

The film we do get for our money (and worth every Indian nickel it is) could have quite comfortably fit GLSS (ESS)
on a double-bill with the unbelievably wretched Dracula
Vs. Frankenstein (1971), (Four abysmal updatings of the
classic Universal monsters in only two films? Only Paul
Naschy's Los Monstruos de la Noche [The Monsters of
the Night] (1969)—also released as Dracula Vs. Frankenstein—has these beat.)



The Mummy and the Curse of the Jackals continued...

The obscure piece of dreck in question is—to the delight of trash fineds everywhere—amont as stirtly, as Al Adamson's aforementioned "classic". Here, we are treated to the same bargain basement-level production values, and an equally serry pair of moralers, (in this who, cope,). Insens a revergickal Trust ne, folls, he has to be seen to be believed. The first words out of your mount after laying eyes on his field-shiften hide will undeathedly be "My... what this gars you have." And can rever the moral of the possible.

Priceless dialogue, stiff acting, grainy photography, and a guest appearance by the goddess lais herself. (Complete with giant hyena ears. Natch.) C'mon, what more could one possibly hope to find in a horror film? (Replace lais with Ishtar, and you'd swear this was a Herschell Gordon Lewis flick. Minus a gallon or two of pig gut and red palnt unfortuntaely.

So where's Anchor Bay and their knack for remastering genre classics when you need them?

#### Mike says...

Hoo, boy, they don't come any worse than this. An inane script, a rubber-faced jackal-man (Paul Naschv has nothing to fear from him), a mummy who looks a little too much like The Toxic Avenger (and who somehow gained some weight while entombed), a bizarre soundtrack that contains every piece of stock music the filmmakers could get their hands on, and the goddess Isis, who sports donkey ears and can speak any language that the script calls for. The finale which has the title monsters duking it out is the best part of the film, although it's a bit anti-climactic. (Filmed on the streets of Las Vegas, all of the bystanders look uninterested, as if this sort of thing happens all the time there.) We do finally get to find out why the mummy is always clutching his chest with one arm; apparently, it's because he's hiding cheap costume jewelry which we're led to believe is magical.

Even though I would have enjoyed this film more were it made in the 1970s, I am inclined to recommend this film because of—and not in spite of—its many faults.

#### The Rape After (1986)

Production company unknown [Hong Kong] DIR: Ho Meng-Hua

STR: Chang Ching-Tu, and Tsui Sui

Approximately 88m; Color VID: The Rape After [Ocean Shores Video Ltd.;

88m; In Chinese w/English subs]

A sleavy photographer steals a cursed statuette, inadvortently letting loose a denon. It rapes and impregnates a young model, as if she didn't have enough problems of her own. (Her brother sutfers from leproxy, and her mother killed her father after he contracted syphila while sleeping around, stiffing his cropse in a closet in a pathetic attempt to cover up her crime). Thinking her she teelld's father, the photographer takes the contracted syndiam strength of the production of the best-derived abortions, and the real decided to a bed-derived abortions, and then things get particularly officers.

As could be construed from the above synopsis, The Rape After doesn't shy away from the excesses of Chinese horror fare. Gore is in abundance, and most of it is fairly well executed. (A prego corpse is one of the more unnerving props used.) The demon and baby moster effects, though, leave much to be desired. The remainder of the production values are decent, with an engaging script to hold all the chaos together. With flesh-eating zombies, frog regurgitation,

with Hesh-eating zombies, frog regurgitation, and Chinese-style brain surgery.

One of the more engaging Hong Kong super-

natural shockers.

#### Mike says ...

Besides the intiguing title, there is no reason to rent this sucker, The so-callest rape consists of a subset of month and an obviously willing woman; not only is it convenients, the deems in even more submissive in the convenients, the deems in even more submissive in the of it pulsatible. (Some Bike an unfortunate victus getting the sear ripped of or a woman gring ghoth to a demonstrate more funny than excry) being consistent with Asian horror, there is more vomitting they give the open than the convenient of the property of the convenient, there is a seven with fainting bards, which deversable, there is a seven with fainting bards, which we have a curse on the fillmuskers for committing such ascocities.)

Slow and uneventful, no matter what Scott tries to tell you.

# SS Campo Extermination [SS Extermination Camp] (1976) Three Stars 76 Illuly

DIR: Bruno Mattei

DIR: Bruno Mattei PRO: Marcello Berni SCR: Giacinto Bonacquisti, Aureliano Luppi, and Bruno Mattei

DOP: Luigi Ciccarese

VID:

SS Campo Extermination continued...

EXP: Tommy Polgar

MUS: Alessandro Alessandroni STR: Giovanni Attanasio, Titti Benvenuto, Gabriele Carrara, Dino Chiappini, Ennio Cialone, Marina

d'Aunia, Lorraine de Salle, Ria de Simone, Miriam Gravina, Eva Hutzar, Gotha Kopert, Manuela Murta, Monica Nikel, Pino Pupella, Nello Rivić, Ivano Staccioli, and Sonia Viviani

AKA: Le Camp des Filles Perdues [The Camp of Lost Women]

Women's Camp 119 Approximately 110m; Color

Women's Camp 119 [Empire Video (PAL); 102(110)m: In English w/Dutch subs: LBXI

A nazi doctor at a women's camp is having doubts about the ethical nature of the experiments they perform "in the name of science." (Such experiments include uterus transplants to cure sterile German women, and bringing clinically dead soldiers back to life with sex. Thermal conduction and heat migration play a part in the latter. Natch.)

Usually I tend to avoid such films unless, like

the lits series, they're particularly repellent. SS Campo Entermination ends up anaking line, be be-showf of the Entermination ends up anaking line, be be-showf of the SS look little an episode of Hegar's Hesoes. Without a doubt, this is the last say in sheary near altercity fillow, although many of these films are brutal in their depiction of scientific sadius. I have yet to find another nearly as graphic in its portusyal of bloody experiments. (The "highlight" here is an entermanent disquastion uterus removal some that is guaranteed to make more than a few stomachochum.)

Typical for films in the genre, production values are low and performances sub-par. (One needs a few hits of Dramamine just to make it past the camerawork.) Anachronisms abound as well.

As for the important stuff, we get flagellation, rape, gang rape, leabian rape, boothicking, catiflying, and necrophilia. Now if that isn't enough, the filmmakers decided to ground it in reality by inserting real WWIII atrocity footage, medical teathook disease pics, and an ending that contains retrospectives on real St officers. But wait.. did I mention this was a love story?

Sexist, racist, homophobic... and just in plain bad taste. 🌣 🖧

#### The Sinful Dwarf (1972)

Box Office International Pictures, Inc. [Denmark/UK]

DIR: Vidal Raski PRO: Nicolas Poole

RO: Nicolas Poole
CR: William Mayo

DOP: Lasse Biorne

MUS: Ole Ørsted

MUS: Ole Orsted STR. Torben Bille, Steve Brace, Jane Cutter, Richard Dalbon, Tony Fades, Peter Gaumont, Ben Haley, Werner Hedmann, Clara Keller, Gerda Madsen, Jeanette Marsden, Ted Neumann, Jens Nilsen, Lisbeth Olsen, Dale Robinson, Anne Sparrow, Berni Weiss, and Richard Wilder

AKA: Esclavas del Sadismo [Slaves of Sadism]

Approximately 92m; Color

VID: The Sinful Dwarf [Something Weird; 92m]

ADL: A YOUNG BRIDE... LEFT ALONE TO THE

LEFUL PASSIONS OF AN EVIL DWARF

A leering little person (Torben Bille) lures young girls (played by twenty-somethings in pig tails) into his home with toys, whereupon he strips and shackles them up. With the help of his scarred mother (who wears almost as much lipstick as he does), the dwarf gets them hooked on heroin, then sells them (or rents them by the

During this, the extremely odd couple decide to rent out a room to a pair of down on their luck newlyweds. (Showing them the room, Torben promptly

hour) to rich men with peculiar tastes.

A YOUNG BRIDE... LEFT ALONE
TO THE LEWD PASSIONS OF
ANTEVIL DWARF
THE SINE OF

#### The Sinful Dwarf continued...

demonstrates just how soft the bed is, bouncing on it and cackling all the while.) The lovebirds aren't too perturbed to find out that their landlady was once a club performer, which was closed down after a fire that also mussed her up pretty bad. They are a little shaken up, though, when they discover the zoings-on in the hidden

room in the attic, and that the youing whi is next in line. Of all the films featuring a beginded little person. The Sinful Down't is the pinnacke of such the pinnacke of such that the pinnacke of suc

Although I'd be hard pressed to call this film "artistic" in any sense of the word, the opening title credits and some of the soundtrack (both of which feature wind-up toys and the resulting cacophony) is actually quite innovative, and even adds a surreal. unnerving touch to the proceedings. But, being trash, that's neither here nor there.

Hey, the sets were credited to a certain "I.

Bille." Is Torben the multi-talented genius behind this
artistic endeavor as well? (Granted, he's good at it, if it is
him. Me, I think he should've focused more on his acting
career, maybe playing the eighth dwarf—"Sleazy," that
is—in an updating of Snow White.)

About as politically correct as shooting bald eagles, but a helluva lot more fun.

#### Mike says ...

How do I describe Torben to someone who has never seen Torben? Torben is simply Torben. He is beyond explanation. Since God is beyond explanation, Torben must be God. You have to see Torben to know Torben. Oh, and he's got a great accent, for a drooling, leering dwart.

Sleazy sexploitation films are a dime a dozen, but only one has Torben. His looks, his delivery, any scene with him in it is priceless. Unlike other dwarves in horror films, he doesn't seem to be playing a part. Scott can thank me for finding this film. (I'm

sure he will after he lets up with his really bad Torben impersonations. At least it's not Bogart.)

Anyone want to start a Torben fan club?

#### Tower of Evil (1972)

Orenadier Films [UK]
DIR: Jim O'Connolly

PRO: Richard Gordon SCR: Jim O'Connolly

DOP: Desmond Dickinson EXP: Joe Solomon

EXP: Joe Solomon MUS: Kenneth V. Jones

MUS: Mentierin V. Joines

STR. Fredrick Abbott, Robin Askwith, George
Colouris, Mark Edwards, Derek Fowlds,
Candace Gendenning, Bryant Haliday, John
Hamill, Gary Hamilton, Jill Haworth, William
Lucas, Mark McBride, Anna Palis, Dennis Price,
Marianne Stone, Anthony Valentine, Jack
Watson, and Serretta Wilson

AKA: Beyond the Fog Horror of Snape Island

Approximately 90m; Color

VID: Tower of Evil [Interglobal Video; 86(90)m]

Tower of Evil [MPI Video: 90(89)m]

ADL: A night of pleasure becomes a night of terror!

Two brine-swilling fishermen discover a mutilated corpse—arm severed and besieged by crabs—on the shore of Snape Island. In a nearby lighthouse, they perchance upon the single survivor, a little buggy after her and her friends were all but massacred with visting the described in A doctor manager to pull her out of her catatoric stuper (drugs and hyprotion, the modern wondern but hey any and finds her recounting a rather hazare shory. To clear her name of any murder decayes (the notherina, the had made short work of charges (the notherina, the had made short work of did the same of her friends) she and a group of professionals go bette to the scene of her crience, a tittle levery of hatory repeating itself. Oh, dell mention the great that a vast Verelant necessary is suppossibly support that a vast Verelant necessary is suppossedly

Having obviously impired Aristide Massacceris Anthropophague (ask The Crim Resper) (1980), this early UK shocker by Jim (Valley of the Gwangi) O'Connolly is admirable on almost all counts. Although now a bit dated and predictable, Tower of Evil is still an engaging, shutterd housestyle mystery, made even more engogate for the control of the still and everage gove effects for which there is a lar amount, an example gove effects for which there is a lar amount, and with who had so started in Horrer Hospital with Michael Gough, an uneventful pastiche of horror films made a year later,)



Tower of Evil continued.

Definitely worth seeking out, and surprisingly tough to find considering that this film was damn near public domain in the 80s and released by every bargainminded video label and their grandmother. (Fans of Amando de Ossorio Rodríguez' horror fare in particular should get something out of this sometimes nasty little film, even if there are no Templars lumbering about the cots.)

#### Mike says ...

Surprisingly, this movie was better than I thought it would be. Not only is it a nicely done murder

mystery, it also had more sex and violence than I was expecting from an early 70s British production. (Some of the after the fact gore was particularly effective.) Unlike many horror films, Tower of Evil's script-especially concerning its character development and knowledge of history-is its greatest strength. For example: First, the characters are very realistic, with everyone hating one another and only working together when it benefited them. Second, the film points out that the god Baal didn't become synonymous with evil until after Christianity sought out to defame other "pagan" religions

Hiehly recommended, and sure not to disappoint the viewer.

The Undertaker and His Pals (1967) Howco International [USA]

- DIR: Tom L.P. Swicegood Ted V. Mikels PRO:
- SCR: Tom L.P. Swicegood DOP Andrew lanczak
- EXP: David C. Graham
- Steve Harkus SFX:

STR: Karen Ciral, Rick Cook, Ray Dannis, Florence Dupre, Charles Fox, Sally Frei, Marty Friedman, Rad Fulton, Vince Harris, Barbra Heart, Robert Lowery, Tiffany Shannon Ohara, Larrene Ott,

lack Rydon, and Dodre Warren Approximately 60m; B&W and Color

The Undertaker and His Pals continued...

The Undertaker and His Pals

[MTI Home Video; 70(60)m] ADL: A macabre story of two motorcycle-riding knife-wielding, shiv-shaving, eye-gouging, armtwisting, chain-lashing, scalpel-flashing, acidthrowing gun-shooting bone-breaking pathological nuts and their pal the undertaker ...

The owner of the Shady Rest Funeral Parlor joins forces with two diner owners (one a pre-med student who appears to be doing a bad Dick Miller impersonation) in order to drum up business. At night, they go out, killing young women and stealing certain pieces of their anatomy to use as the special of the day, while the mortician gouges their loved ones for every penny he can.

This H.G. Lewis-esque gore comedy (which, in many ways, seems to have inspired Jackie Kong's Blood Diner (1987), even though that film cites Blood Feast as its direct inspiration) is a fun, dated number that would have faded into complete obscurity were it not for its wonderful ad campaign and timely video release. The jokes are pretty stale and/or downright silly (the victims are "Miss Lamb," "Miss Poultry," et al.), but there are a few truly funny, inspired moments. (The chase scene which punctuates the finale seems to be about fifteen years ahead of its time, poking fun at the fact that no matter how slow the killer is, and no matter how fast the victim is, the killer invariably catches up.)

The gore is fairly messy, as is most the production values. (Again, the comparison to Lewis' films is



doubt you'll get much out of it. Oh, and if you didn't catch it in my article on

Ted V. Mikels, he acted as producer, hiding behind the pseudonym of "Alex Grattan "

# Widow Blue (1971)

DIR: Walt Davis

STR-Rick Cassidy, Walt Davis, and John Holmes AKA: Sex Psycho

Approximately 70m; Color

VID: Sex Psycho [Something Weird Video; 70m] It's dead of night and everybody's asleep... ADI: AMOST EVERYBODYI

Further credits are currently unavailable.

Holy shit, where do I begin? An unhappily married couple find their kicks elsewhere: while the frustrated wife is making it with some other desperate schmuck, her husband is helping to dispose of his mistress' gay husband. How do they go about this, you ask? They pay her brother to seduce him and-while in flagrante-her lover walks in with a meat cleaver and almost severs his head from the rest of him. While the paid accomplice is getting dressed, the adulterous couple do the nasty on her husband's sheet-covered corpse. She even goes down on the cadaver at one point. but that's apparently too freaky even for her lover. Strange, because he then drags in a coffin and forces the widow and her brother to bump uglies on top of it. "Looks like you're enjoying it now," the killer says tauntingly. "All right, so we do enjoy it," she replies. How about the viewers? Heard enough?

Up until a few short years ago, I was not aware of any splatter-oriented hardcore sex films (save for Tinto Brass' Caligula, which doesn't quite qualify as the sex was added after the fact) and then I came across a small stash of them. (The only other notable one was the infamous Hardgore aka Horror Whore, which I dutifully reviewed in last issue. A classic, it is.) As if it needed to be said, these films could only have been made in the 70s, when censorship was at its lowest ebb. Even as unmarketable as these films were. Widow Blue had to have been the most difficult to find an audience for. (Rumors have it that it had only one theatrical showing, with predictably disastrous results.) It is not hard to see

#### Widow Blue continued...

Whath White Committee... uppeal to anyone, as it is not with this flow order any particular strate of filingengared lowards any particular strate of filingengared lowards any particular strate of the probooling of the property of the property of the probooling of the property of the property of the programment of the property of the protess of the property of the protor of the property of the property of the protor trady no-budget filins, you were pretty well facked.) So, one begt to akt the question. What he hell were the filmmakers thinking? Who cares? Its contrived nature is what makes this bastard child so gosh darn endearing. I made all of my friends watch it; co-publisher Mike was left speechless, so contributing editor Devon is stepping in to guest review it for him.

With the late John Holmes in an early role, his asset proudly on display. XXX

Devon says...

Gav porn bad.

#### Zombi 3 (1988)

Flora Film Productions [Italy]
DIR: Lucio Fulci and Bruno Mattei

DIR: Lucio Fulci and Bruno
PRO: Franco Gaudenzi

SCR: Claudio Fragasso DOP: Riccardo Grassetti

SFX: Tony Ceyl and Joseph Ross

MFX: Franco di Girolami

MUS: Stefano Mainetti
STR: Deborah Bergamini, Alan Collins, Marina Loi,
Alex McBride, Mike Monty, Richard Raymond,

Lilli Reinthaler, Beatrice Ring, and Deran Serafian

AKA: Zombie 3

Approximately 95m; Color

SND: Zombi 3 [Beat Records] VID: Zombi 3 [Tokuma Japan Video; 90(95)m; In English w/Japanese subs; LBX]

A scientific experiment yields the "Doath-One Compound," a blookpiad wapon that has an interesting side effect. A scientist is exposed to the nasty substance while trying to except the tops secret compound where it to the state of the state of the state of the state of the troubles, along with several others who made the mintake of conting in contact with him. In a twict obviously swiped from Return of the Living Doad, birds exposed to the now airborne virus die but return as zombies. Of course, it becomes an epidemic, and before trying to excapt the clutches of the walking dead.

Started as a pseudo-sequel to Zombi 2 by Lacio Euclic but finished by Matted due to Patich failing health, this litalian gut-muncher is a completely derivative affair. Everything has been done before-and better-by both of the filinmaskers involved. (Besides Fulc's aforementioned contribution, Matter was responsible for interns dei Morti-Viventi (1981), which this film owes had by the contribution of the properties of the contribution of the properties of the contribution of the contribution of the properties of the contribution of the contr

you sure this ain't an Indonesian effort?—are sure to make even the most indiscriminate splatterpunk cry uncle.) There is a cool hyperactive, machete-wielding zombie, but it's still a zombie and—deep breath—I'm fuckine sick of zombies?

I've had enough... how about you? \$\$\$

#### Mike savs...

Well, Mike doesn't want to say anything about this film, except that he already got suckered into sitting through it twice. So, not wanting him to suffer such an indignity thrice, I let him off the hook. And who says I don't look out for mr friends?The Editor.



#### 8MM (1999)

Columbia Pictures [USA]

Ioel Schumacher

PRO: Judy Hofflund, Gavin Polone, and Ioel Schumacher

SCR: Andrew Kevin Walker

DOP: Robert Elswit EXP: Joseph M. Caracciolo

Ralph S. Wood

MUS: Mychael Danna STR-

Romer Amico, Chris Bauer, Frank Bennett, Jack Betts, Wilma Bonet, Doris Brent, Devan Brown, Anne Gee Byrd, Nicolas Cage, Myra Carter, James Gandolfini, Anthony Heald, Walker K. Jordan, Catherine Keener, Amy Morton, Luis Oropeza, Joaquin Phoenix, Jenny Powell, Norman Reedus, John Robb, Brian Keith Russell, Luis Saguar, Rachel Singer, Peter Stormare, and a bunch of other people whose names were too damn small to read on the video credits. (I don't need a case of evestrain on ton of the brain rot that's set in, thank you very much.)

Approximately 123m; Color the truth will take you.

VID 8MM [Columbia Tristar Home Video; 123m] ADL: You can't prepare for where

Okay so normally I don't review newer films, let alone hig budget theatrical releases like this, but I had to make an exception. Not only is 8MM one of the biggest budgeted exploitation films ever, it's by far the most expensive film about snuff films ever made, and with my article this issue about the ever-popular urban legend, it was inevitable that I review it.

Nicolas Cage plays a highly esteemed private investigator who is called in discreetly by the widow of a rich entrepreneur. It seems she found a film of questionable origin in his belongings-a silent 8mm short depicting a young woman being sexually brutalized and finally stabbed to death by a masked assailant-and she's willing to pay dearly to clear her conscious. So with little to go on. Cage is off to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt if the convincing spectacle is indeed a bona fide snuff flick.

Despite what one's preconceived notions are about the subject, 8MM is a very disturbing and a very engaging film that goes against many Hollywood conventions. (The fact that the film is not nearly as explicit in its depiction of sex and violence-the word "coy" almost comes to mind-does not detract from its ability to unnerve.) Most of this can be attributed to the script by Andrew Kevin Walker, the same man responsible for writing David Fincher's taut serial killer



investigative aspects as it does with Cage's own obsession with the case, and his desensitization of having to deal with the killers on their own terms. For most of the film, Walker treats snuff films as what they are-an urban myth-with the film in question being an aberration. Unfortunately, once the killers are brought to light, the film takes an almost comic book edge that severely detracts from the proceedings.

Schumacher's approach is quite stark, even taking on a cinema verité feel with the hand held camera and wavering cinematography. (Of course, to film the subject matter any other way would have stripped the film of its documentary-like power, making it little more than a slick variation of The Art of Dving (1991), a similarly plotted film directed by and starring Wings Hauser.) Cage is also well cast as the detective, his perpetually somber countenance accommodating the proceedings, until violence ensues with the inevitable confrontations, and the resulting disintegration of his

See Scott's Video Vault

Continued on page 42

# SNUFF. The Perpetuation

by Scott Aaron Stine

April 13, 1999. Two ones are imprisoned for life, the first two people over in Europe to be consisted on theregard the consistent of the consistence of the consisten

of an Urban Myth

heap on a form owned by one of the two men, he hands and force bound with metal banding tage. It was reversible in court that, while working as a prostitate in Cologne, the was approached by the two men who hard her to a remote bungation near Hageni in Kierspe-Roemal with the promise of drugs and movey. Forenesis evented that the had died of our tape has yet to be publicly discidence.

As quoted from a sarticle that went out over the As quoted from an article that went out over the

Electronic Telegraph, chief prosecutor Wolfgang Rahmer told the cour "from my experience this represents a new depth in perversion. You see the victim begging for her ifte, pain being inflicted and massive sexual torture." Despite any empirical evidence, Mr. Rahmer said that there was no doubt in his mind that such an industry existed.

And, so, this date marks the death of an urban legend, as touted by those subscribing to the snuff myth and even the

Not so fast, people...

#### Defining a Chimera

Snuff Films n. A covert genre of filmmaking where the actors are specifically killed for the benefa of the viewer, without the benefit of special effects, (This automatically excludes documentaries that contain "found" footage because of the lack of premeditation on the part of the filmmaker concerning the intent to kill art act. Furthermore, many will insist that these films stage such murders with the forethought that the production would be sold to interested parties, thus excluding what amounts to occasional "trophy" films made by serial killers, as those are intended solely for personal use by the perpetrator.

David Kereks and David Slater in their authoritative book Killing for Culture (Creation Books, 1995) define them a little more succinctly, stating that "Snuff films depict the killing of a human being-a human sacrifice (without the aid of special effects or other trickery) perpetrated for the medium of film and circulated amongst the laded few for the purpose of entertainment." To avoid confusion, I have adapted the more exhaustive definition offered above, even though mosif any-difference lies in semantics. (Some quibble about profit motive when defining such films, but that is the heart of this urban legend-the distribution and marketing of these documentations, not simply the production of them. As repulsive the thought is of someone staging a murder for the sake of the camera's eye, it is the fact that someone would actually profit from such an endeavor is what strikes fear in the hearts of most people and is the impetus to display public outrage.)

Regardless, though, the snuff film is a phenomenon that was-for all intents and purposes-conceived almost twenty-four years ago, and one that has since been the center of many heated debates. (The term first saw print in Ed Sanders' book The Family-The Story of Charles Manson's Dune Buggy Attack Battalion (Panther, 1971) in reference to the family members' involvement in making films that documented such atrocities. This, of course, is hearsay as none of these alleged films were ever brought to light.) On January 16, 1976, the film Snuff opened at theaters across the United States. This film-boasting an advertising campaign that alluded to claims that certain actors were actually killed onscreen-was met by the public with fevered revulsion. Producer and film distributor Allan Shackleton took advantage of the controversy and fueled the fire, instigating protests by hiring actors to picket theaters, distributing fake newspaper clippings that detailed crusades against the film, and whatever else it took to keep the film in the public eve.

Like moths to a flame, people let their morbid curiosity get the best of them, but all were either relieved (or quite possibly disappointed) when the film had nothing more to offer than some cut-rate gore effects. (To add insult to injury, these fallacious claims were based on five minutes of footage tacked onto an unexemplary film by Michael and Roberta Findlay that had a limited release to a very unreceptive public under the name Staughter five years previous.) In its first week, the film had outgrossed every other film then currently in circulation; while Mr. Shackleton was laughing all the way to the bank, the snuff myth was insinuating itself in the American psyche. Over the span of three decades, what was once a sensational simmick for a podunk film became a boseymen accepted by the majority of the populace as a bona fide social concern. Ask anyone, and you will see that - more often than not - people have accented this myth as reality. They will even so to great lengths to convince anyone displaying a skentical bone in their body that snuff films do exist, despite the lack of any and all evidence at their disposal.

Hook, line, and sinker.

# Possibility Vs. Probability

But this is now most, right? A case has been tried, the preparations have been convicted on evidence that cannot be deteiled, and so the public her been right all allong. Smaff thissure epidencia, for result of to a many violend beener this most experience, the result of the same violend been experience, they are an inscribible hyprophet; of our special wintigence, they are an inscribible hyprophet; of our special winting pensally, there could one even question that shape this exist? Arm they saw more inconteivable than the horrors one winteness every sight on the six Ocides cover? Bress the existence of the contract of the contra

habor of selence and reason in a world festioned with ignorance and irrationalism. Remember, "extraordinary claims require extraordinary evidence." It is through the scientific method we have obtained the yeast amount of knowledge we as humans have at our disposal, and not by validating claims that go untested.

Yes, it is certainly possible that—edhering to the definition given above—snuff films exist, but insofar it is improbable. It is irresponsible to believe that something exists simply because it is possible; this requires faith, and faith is an entirely different animal than evidence.

One aspect of the snuff film that people don't seem to take into consideration is the dynamics of such a theory. A snuff film ring of any size would brovbe at hear three people: The filmmaker, the victim, and prospective buyes. It is questionable, though, if this could even be considered a 'ring,' as this would involve a single sale of a single film, the above shown that any crime that involves a third member that the size of the size

has a much higher chance of being discovered, and these chances grow exponentially with anyone else brought into the fray, whether it be more victims, more buyers, or more individuals involved with the film's production. Assuming that the case of Korzen and Mahn is in fact legitimate evidence to the existence of snuff films, this would be the first to be brought to light in almost twenty-four years - nay, in the entire history of cinema-and with only four people involved. (It was the decision to involve a fourth person that was responsible for the downfall of their operation, without a buyer having even been approached.) With any existing snuff film ring, many, many more people would have been active participents, so no matter how efficient they are, the chances of them not being caught soon thereafter would be infinitesimal. And if we give any credence to the people who elaim that there is an underground market for snuff films, there would have to be so many people involved at any given time that the chances of this not coming to light sooner is highly improbable.

Add to this the case at which videotapes can be made, duplicated, and circulated. One tape in the wrong hands can produce an unlimited number of second, third, and fourth generation copies. An excellent example is the infamous tape that depicts rocker Tommy Lee and actress wife Pamela Sue Anderson in flagrante. Never intended to be seen by the public, you can now rent copies of it from any video store that carries adult titles, or obtain pics culled from it on virtually every adults only web site. And this was not something for which the FBI or police was avidly searching, or that involved criminal activity where peoples' lives were at stake, or an alleged industry that would be rife with blackmail. Forget the sheer number of people who would be involved in a single smuff film ring of any reasonable size. The fact that there would be documentation of such atrocities in an easily accessible format-not a single tape of which has, through all these years, fallen into the wrong hands shows just how improbable the concept of snuff film rings are. If there was an existing market for snuff films, one

ment also consider that even the most group, and opportunities. Homeman would think twee before producing such a film. Obviously, the financial benefits would be developed by the certainal dangers and would be leveled price of evidence imaginated for such a crime. (Even stocking such film would from a multipassing charge against the individual foo-linely enough to distribute such films, cleans the film would be to see the contract of the contraction of the contraction of the contraction of the contraction of the basis of the contraction of the compling detection. The last of regularizational skills simply the contraction of the contraction of the contraction of the last contraction of the contraction of the

If small films exist, they would have to be far and few between, with the minimum number of people involved; this, of course, goes against the claims made by so many religious zealots, radical feminists, and other anti-promegraphy activists who insist that there is an underground market for such films.

## The Making of a Snuff Film Historian

or—as the interference of the contract of the

Having set through the film Snuff almost a dozen times, you'd think they'd give me a purple hear, to boot. But I'll settle with the accolledes, even if it doesn't compressate for brain cells lost in the line of duty. An interviewer from some mid-western radio station

asked nor "How done (one become a soulf film historiast" in don't Tremmpher up exact words (Christ. I hope he sends me a tipe of our rechnings to I know if I embarrascel myself or not) and—in a narray words—I old him I was possified more than a sificionade of realty films. A good. That was the short versions; you, ny dear readers, are in for the long had Long. How the contract of your documents.

in 1996, I made the decision to actually on retional with my magazine Painful Excursions. (Not just any journal of horror, splatter, and exploitation films, posiree... it was The Journal of Horror, Splatter, and Exploitation Films. Forget the fact that I had previously published it as a Xeroxed fanzine for twelve years, and that it rurely exceeded a print run of fifty copies that were distributed locally. Well, the ones that I didn't give away, or still take up space in my basement to this very day. But, hey, fifty copies are fifty copies.) I knew I was capable of laying out a competent looking publication-having acquired a great deal of experience from my short-lived journalism careerbut I needed something besides film reviews to fill up twenty-four pages. I had written a few articles previous, but nothing investigative; most were either succinct retrospectives, or glorified editorials. I needed something that would actually impress the average reader of such tripe: a subject that had not been covered incessantly by every other like ray

Smiff times seemed the a legislar choice. It was bad crough that the common populous still brought into the myth to an insufferable degree, but I was fixed of having to lay it down to barrer fares and the filter who should have leave better. People who find no bouliness being ignorant, (Simpli, maybe, I would never claim that borrer fines are generally maybe, it would never claim that borrer fines are generally gearn began glydding, and before I knew it, the lifter light abover my pate was pumping out a good forty waters.

The only articles I had ever read that actually offered anything constituting a skeptical approach to the

(Ulterior motives aside, it makes one question other "facts" they use to give credence to their respective causes.) The smuff film-were it what they claimed-would be on par with child pornography. Pivotal to both is the production of illegal films that involve the exploitation of innocent victims, and both constitute bigh prison sentences for anyone involved in the production, manufacture, or distribution of such films. For both there is an undeniable demand, although neither is very large. (The constant online postings from people looking for snuff films despite the unavailability for such a product shows the interest is there, although probably unsated.) Child pornography, though, exists in large quantities, even if it is difficult to obtain. (This is in reference to magazines and films, produced mostly in the 1970s, and of which the government has nequired a vast amount over the years. Disturbing as it may be, it was once almost impossible not to stumble across reproductions from such materials while surfing the net, especially if one spent any time searching for or patronizing adults only sites.) Snuff films-which should be found in comparable quantities-have yet to produce one magazine or film to justify the name for such a genre.

And it is not for lack of trying on the part of the government. Immediately following the release of Sauth in 1976, the New York Police Department prompted an investigation into the sauff film controvery, and found nothing more than hearing that was originally apsweed by Sauth and the sauth of the control of the partners and international control of the control of the control of their bars been immersable attempts to unearth anything remembing a small film, or—best tryet — calestattine market for such films. Nothing has come from it, though, save for runners and claims made in light of the original Sauth

"T've not found one single documented case of a suff film anywhere in the world," says Ken Laming, a cut expert at the Fib Training academy at Quantico, Virginia. "I've been searching for 20 years, talked to hundreds of people. There's plenty of once-removed sightings, but I've never found a crodible personality who personally saw one." Sootland Yard makes similar assertions, Head of

Scotland Yard makes similar assertions. Head of Obscene Publications Division, Mick Hames states quite matter-of-factly, "I'd be the first to know if there were any in Britain, but there just aren't."

#### On the Trail of A Truly Elusive Animal

Although the government would have the best resources at their disposal to dispose the myth, many other have made valiant attempts to prove otherwise. Almost twesty years after the initial controvers, Refer McDowell, a journalist for The San Francisco Chenicle, agent six months interviewing Pill agant, cope, undergrood filmmakers, and many, may people in the adult film industry. In short, the was filled in mild film—come riskeliculous [late, the others demand unauthentic by cuperts—with ofiles such as Cannibal Hollecast and Milm—come filedinal by late. The others demand has the such as Cannibal Hollecast and Milm—come filedinal by late. The property over the control of the come of the come of the come property of the come of the come of the come the come the come of the come the dozens of unsolved murders around the country, searching, always searching. To no avail "

One individual who has made it his grail to prove the existence of snuff films is Israeli journalist Yaron Svoray. In his book Gods of Death (Simon & Schuster, 1997) he claims to have seen a snuff film in his youth that lead him on a global search to prove their existence. At best, this book offers a series of highly spurious accounts that-alas-turn up nothing save for hearsay; every time the author comes close to obtaining even the slightest shred of evidence, contacts are conveniently dispatched or his attempts thwarted by a conspiratorial underground. (Funny, that-as powerful and secretive as these underground snuff rings are-he is able to get as close as he does, and finds no shortage of people willing to talk with him openly about their hand in such films. Yet, he always escares, life and limbs intact, when he could have disappeared with no one the wiser.) Credentials aside. Syoray's Gods of Death reads like a half-baked nuln novel that is forced to forceo good journalism and real-life police detection because—had these been applied in the stead of imaginative storytelling-it would not have held up under the slightest scrutiny. One gets the impression that-at the heart of the

book-Syoray may actually believe that he has seen a snuff film This of course can not be proven either way although-given the book's obsessive tone-claims such as these must be questioned. One so desperate to justify such a crusade may not only stretch the boundaries of their own ethics in order to prove their detractors wrong but also subconsciously allow their percentions to be warned to be more receptive towards legerdemain. As to what part these different facets play only one person may know for sure and it's doubtful he'll share it with us any time soon. Svoray is not alone it seems. Even attorney-cum-

crime novelist Andrew Vachss insists in the snuff film's existence, saying "You'd have to be completely naïve to think they don't exist," Again, he has no evidence, and makes a case entirely on assumptions. This-coming from someone whose job hinges on hard evidence-shows just how ingrained snuff films are in the psyche of the American public, and how deeply they've routed themselves in the span of three decades... without the slightest piece of evidence on its

As mentioned in my definition of snuff films, occasionally serial killers may document their sick escapades, keeping these "trophies" much in the same way they have been known to save certain belongings of their victims, or even keening a collection of whatever body parts cast a fetishistic hold over them. Even so, until the recent case of Korzen and Mahn, nothing of this type of "trophy" film has been discovered by authorities, and so even this must remain in question for the time being.

The case of Leonard Lake and Charles No-who abducted tortured and killed unwards of seven victims in 1984 and 1985-probably comes closest to fitting the description of the prototypical snuff film myth, as it was before the recent trial in Europe. In a secluded bunker in Northern California, these two men decided to preserve their

The Making of a Souff Historian continued

subject and that offered anything more than the usual hearcay were of all places stuck between nictorials of young models prying their wares for the viewing pleasure of sexually-deprived wretches such as myself. Of course, the only people exposed to these exposés were well sexually. deprived wretches, and unless they already had an interest in the subject it would surely get passed over in favor of the macazines' sellino noint

The only mainstream pieces I ever found were-at best-vague filler that did little to debunk the myth, and-at worst-sensationalistic tripe that warned people of the international scource that was the spuff film. So, it was un to me to take up the cause, to become the voice of intelligence and reason in a world festooned with ignorance. I would be the James Randi of horror and trash film cinema. I would become a couff film historian

So I whipped up a cheesy, half-assed little article that reiterated everything else that had been said about the film's unfounded infamy, and the urban levend that resulted. The first draft was a predictably dry and only varuely interesting effort, so I went about fleshing it out, trying to instill some of the homey flavor of my film reviews. Better, By the time it went to press, I had succeeded in writing what was up until then-the peak of my journalistic career. Even though it didn't say anything that hadn't been said before, it was at least engaging enough to hold most people's interest, and debated the case with a modicum of intelligence.

The article drew a lot of attention, so I was smart to have made it the cover story, even devoting several sideburs to accompany it. It was the breakthrough I needed, to help my marazine compete with the similar periodicals being pumped out by film gocks such as myself. I secured a distributor-national, mostly, but with some international connections and Painful Excursions (GICKI's predecessor) has been going strong since. But I digrees.

Although my article "Souff-The Making of an Urban Legend" was now published, I was disappointed in that it had probably reached not more than five hundred souls. If it was to truly make an impact on the mindset of the public, and if I was to single-handedly dispel a myth which had been used by self-serving idiots to give the horror film a bad name (as well as pornography, damn them) I needed to, well, reach a larger audience. Sure, snuff films had managed to cultivate their very existence on hearsay and word of mouth, but deconstructing it was going to require larger firenower

Like such valiant and selfless reformers before me as Martin Luther King, Jr. and Mahstma Ghandi, I ventured forth, armed only with the truth, ready to risk life and ... ... Okay. So I simply wanted to get into The Skeptical

Inquirer, How else would a horror fan even dream of

#### The Making of a Enuff Historian continued...

making is 460 sech a prestigious cubilication? How could I were hope to be placed alongside the little of such litteration names as Call Sugan. Marin Gurthers, and the discreminated losses Rando These, were some of just discreminated losses Rando These, were some of just a laboration of the support for the wooders of science in terms we stracked could andersonal, they upon their life supposing frauds and houses, despite the fact that many people—the videos, specialty—franked to listen to reason. And as much as I like home films, 100 dail, was to upon dry centre reads.

So, I 'tookied up my then two-gue old story and shapped it off as Si, expecting a region on sip within the month. Nothing doing. The clainer, fleen Raufford, liked the story (even though he now more fire improvement) and convinced the publisher to mai. Being a professional editor (until by vast why) he gave no suggestion on where I could improve the article remandantly, and have I should for more affert, I sat, well a giver planned first. After for more affert, I sat, well a giver planned for more plantle, and well as the I found to it was not, though, ...

April 19<sup>6</sup>, 1999. I got lone from work, and find a mayang from a Jourd Moyanu at Flanbest News Service on my answering machine. (Well, it was the second of two, the other having been somehow came by our unserviciable muchine.) Something about an interview. Hello? It's not veryday one got a call from a reporter warting an interview, outpetially if that persons in at. Exit, just say that machine. (3), well call Mr. Bowled Megous, but I get his machine. (3), well call Mr. Bowled Megous, but I get his machine. (3), well as the control of the c

April 20th, 1999. My sleep is disrupted by a call from the selfsame Mr. Moyam. (Apparently, he saw my article in SI and contacted me through them: I was anaware that the issue I was in had even hit the newsstands, so a response to this was completely unexpected.) Without stopping to breathe, he goes through the details of a case concerning two men in Germany-Austria, maybe, although I hear something about Belgium as well-arrested for producing a small film. As he rambles on, I nod dumbly, one eye open, as if he could actually see me. He then fires a couple of questions at me. Realizing that nodding won't suffice. I am as articulate as anyone similarly unconscious could hope for. Needless to say, it's hard to be the pillar of intelligence and skepticism when one is standing in their underwear, on a cold kitchen floor, one eve still scaled shut with sleep, listening to a caffeine-propoed reporter on a deadline blather on about "the depths of depravity and perversion." I remember him asking me if I was disappointed by the news (apparently in reference to my article

exploits with the wonders of modern technology, althoughdespite some claims-there is no footage of the ensuing carnage. As could be expected, rumors began springing up that films showing the bloodshed were found, and that Lake and Ng intended to sell these films, although there is no evidence pointing to either. (One is reminded of John McNaughton's Henry-Portrait of a Serial Killer (1986) and the harrowing sequence where Henry and his accomplice Otis tape their murdering of a suburban family, and wonder if many simply assumed that the real life tapes of Lake and No's mirrored that of McNaughton's fictional handiwork.) In 1991 another pair of serial killers-Paul Bernardo and Karla Holmolka-was discovered to have produced similar tapes of themselves raping and abusing several young woman. Again, no tapes were found of them in the finalizing act of murder. Twelve years before, in 1979, two other serial killers-Lawrence Bittaker and Roy Norris-were found in possession of an audio tape they had made while assaulting and torturing Shirley Ledford, who died shortly thereafter, their final victim in a string of brutal crimes. This, though, is inadmissible, not only because of the medium, but because once again the actual murder was not captured on tape. And even had the act of murder been inadvertently captured in any three of these cases, it was obvious that their intention was never to circulate such tapes, for reasons of entertainment or profit.

Knowes still persist about smelf files being made by Minnon's "filmity," and even by settal filter David "son of Sam" Berkrisvitz, but "flexe claims are nothing more than Minnon's filmity," and even by settal filter persists of Sam" Berkrisvitz, but "filter still set of the settal set of the settal set of Sam" between the settal set of Sam of

In the search for the ever-classive smalf film, anything, that could be control an evidence of an anwherd smiff film inevitably turns out to be a case of someone crying wolf. One of the more nobled cases in recent history involved action of the more nobled cases in recent history involved action to be a Japanese smalf film that he saw at a Holly nose framer, the and a close triested of his turned the size over to sudorities, who thought it worthy of an investigation. (Apparently, they found the proceedings reasonable convincing, the film objective is man chalf of Samurai regular terrating, multiang, the course of an Joseph 2-10 mg, weam subapped to a table over

The film was traced back to writer Chs. Balan, who—to help support his magazine heep Red—monthly as a video bootlegger. The production in question turned out to be Chinikus No Hama (1990) days Piesers of Flesh and Blood, the third installment in the straight-to-video series Za Ginipigga (Giamen Figl that was noorious for its ubmrealistic special effects and heretofore unseen levels of sadism. Although unrealesced Officially in the United States, it was dis-

covered that the films could be found on the shelves of many a video store in Japan.

Similarly, many people still cite the infamous Faces of Death series as miff films. Even if one doesn't take into account that they are comprised of "found" footinge, it has since been prown (with little effort on the part of skeptics) that 98% of the footinge was indeed flaked. (The few scenes that are real amount to little more than answerley-type footing that can be found in stimilarly orchestrated—but much more convincing—footing that can be found in stimilarly orchestrated—but much more convincing—footing that goal to the same type of convincing—footing that goal to the same type of minists that "hose aren't smaff films, because they only chronoled daths. Smith, by its definition, chorcognaba it."

No one in the United States has ever been convicted of producing or distributing a snuff film, and the FBI has no cases on file of such a production ever being made. (Al Goldstein, publisher of the long-running adults only magazine Screw, put up a standing offer of \$25,000 in 1976 for anyone who could unearth a commercially distributed snuff film. Not only has the offer since been raised to \$1,000,000, it still remains unclaimed. (Much like the \$1.2 Million Paranormal Challenge put up by magician-cum-debunker James Randi and his Educational Foundation for anyone who can offer proof of the supernatural. Hundreds of people have applied, and many have "auditioned" for it, having their paranormal abilities and pseudo-scientific theories nut to the test. None of them though, have made it past the preliminaries, which entails the most rudimentary of laboratory testing.) It seems snuff films-at least in this country-belong to the same genus as Sasquatch and the Jackalone

#### Where the One-Eyed Man Is King

What, though, makes people want so desperately to believe in something so horrific, without a scintilla of evidence to support such disturbing beliefs? Psychologists could attribute it to everything from mass bysteria to the power of urban legends, to a desperate need to instify one's religious beliefs. With mass hysteria, individuals fall easily under the power of mob mentality and peer pressure. Urban legends fill a certain void in the lives of those whose morbid curiosity needs sating. In religion, the belief that people are killing others for profit is far less a jump than believing in miracles and divine intervention. Regardless of the reasoning, logic and common sense has taken the back scat to irresponsibility. Films and books that perpetuate the snuff myth-no matter how infuriating they may be to skepticscannot be blamed for such views; these mediums of entertainment are just that, and cannot be considered responsible no matter how easily influenced many individuals are. The problem is much deeper than that, and so widespread as to be overwhelming. The media-despite its entertainment value-holds much more power because people automatically assume that whatever is reported on the news or in the daily

#### The Making of a Souff Historian continued

now being "disproved"; I said, no, disturbed, maybe, if the evidence shows that this is what sources are claiming it is. Prin just getting warmed up when he wrape; if up, saying he'll try to get me a copy of the article. I thank him, and stumble back to bed, unable to sleep because, now, I am an authority on surff filling. Or some such noncome

Having given up on the prospect of bleep, maning for the phone is accord time in the nearly sep reparation, as instruction, as my foot-eye occordination is now in working order. This time, if a sometion from a modi-wattern radio station, warning to know if they can interview me the following mensing, the subject being—You guessed it—suff fillers. The rams mention having received over the line that the winter to be been a fixed with the property of the proper

the interview.

At work (working at the library does have some benefits, fasture you) I plow through all of the evengagers, trying, to find countrillage of the case, then other great to The Codemo Figh School Manazors, the whole said fitting would be looky if if made it to the back page. If that right, I soom the Interview, but all no finds. By his time, if you have to go the forest work at the first page in the property of th

April 21th, 1999. Eight-fucking-fifty, the phone

rings. I stumble across the bouse, to put an end to the insufferable noise that has interrupted my slumber, trying to avoid the same pitfalls that I faced the previous morning, but grace is not on my side.

"this, this is so'n'so from such n'such radio and"

"Hi, this is so'n'so from such'n'such radio a yadda yadda yadda something "interview."

"Uhm, I just got up and..."
"Okay, I'll call you back in two minutes." Click.

He lied. Couldn't have been more than one.

So I—the worldwide authority on snuff films-

proceeded to give my first real interview, thread full of phlegm, one shoe on, still entrenched in a dream where I stumbled scross some really cool imonset roys at a garage sale being held by Martin Boorman, or one of Hisler's other cromies. Can't remember for swee now, it's all so painfully fuzzy.

The interview lasts a good ten minutes. As I've said, I recall bim asking me something along the lines of "so, how does one become a snulf historian?" I tell him, in so many words, that I am nothing but a lowly film geek. (I do manage to give does to David Kerekes and David Sister, and their authoritative book on the subject, Killing for Culture: If only to let on that there are others much more

# BLOOD ORGY OF THE ASTRO-ZOMBIES A Look at the Films of Exploitation Mogul Ted V. Mikels

by Scott Aaron Stine

Ted V. Mikels belongs in the pantheon of exploitation filmmakers that includes such innovative directors as Al Adamson and Ray Dennis Steckler; directors whose pinnacle was reached during the seventies-no small feat considering the sheer number of filmmakers trying to break into the field at the time. Forced to drag themselves along by the sent of their pants, these filmmakers relied on their wits to produce a marketable product; spared such luxuries as name actors, reasonable shooting schedules, and access to the technology that studios took for granted, they persevered. Costs were cut at every opportunity, and this often forced them to work within their limited means... and use their imagination to the utmost

Filmmaker Ted V. Mikels was born Theodor Vincent Mikacevich, his parents Croatian emigrants By the time he was five years old, he displayed a flair for the theatrical by staging magic shows for friends and neighbor children; twelve years later, he was touring the United States as an assistant to Mandrake the Magician, (No relation to the radio show and comic book character of the same name.) During his teens, Mikacevich-soon to be Mikels-sought a way to preserve his performances, and discovered that film was a convenient medium with which to accomplish this. This naturally led to an interest in filmmaking, and soon his childhood reverence for stage magic took a back seat to this newfound-but not wholly unrelated love.

Struggling to get his foot in the door, aspiring filmmaker Mikels spent much of the 50s working on and off as a stuntman, (The Kirk Douglas film Indian Fighter (1955) was one of the more notable efforts.) Concurrently, he became a newsreel cameraman for an Oregon television station, and even became involved in innumerable stage plays, perfecting such trades until the early 60s when he began trying his hand at documentaries and educational shorts. (By the late 60s he had even lensed a number of music videos, a medium that wasn't fully exploited until the rise of MTV in the early 80s.)

Easer to further his career while being in full creative control of his endeavors, Mikels made his first feature-length film in 1963, namely Strike Me Deadly. This black and white exploitationer was followed by small string of similar low-rent films, including such sexploitation flicks as The Doctors (1963) aka Dr. Sex and One Shocking Moment (1964) aka Suhurhan Affair. (His most substantial effort from this time period was the confrontational The Black Klansman (1966). which was also released as I Crossed the Color Line; obviously, Mikels sought to throw in his two cents worth about the racial strife that was a major issue in the already turbulent sixties )



C'mon. who in their right mind could resist such a film?

Mikels had difficulty financing his films, so between his own projects he would contribute to other low-budget outings. As a cinematographer, his credits include such obscure efforts as Night of the Beast and Day of the Nightmare (both 1965), The Hostage (1966), Agent for H.A.R.M. and Catalina Caper (both 1967), (He has also been cited as director of photography on two "lost" films. Ghouls and Dolls and Snow Monsters. So obscure are these exploitation flicks that even the exact production dates remain unknown.) He also functioned as assistant director on the infamous Edward D. Wood, Jr. scripted horror-nudie flick. Orev of the Dead (1965).

But it was in 1968 that Mikels managed to secure himself a place in film history, being indirectly and directly responsible for what are now considered two cult classics of trash horror. (Mikels, though, disdains the label of "trash" being applied to his films, although here it is meant as an endearing frame of reference and not as derogatory.) The first film. The Undertaker and His Pals, was produced by Mikels under the pseudonym of Alex Grattan. This H.G. Lewis style

gore-mody originally included extensive stock surgery contrology in an effort to act down the express needed for such contensive gore effects—a face of special effects arisiny that was still it is inflavor, and virtually sume notation for controversial work. Considered too grisly for the general public, much of this footage was exceeded just prior to its the theariest release. Although still something of an obscurity consider of certain circles, the Understater and HIP alsh has secured titled a modest feature in the annual of splatter films. The second film—one nearly as graphic but

obviously more substantial in propelling Mixels curve forward—the inflamous Astra-Zombiele (1968) in no-budget wonder that boasts the presence of the inexhaustible John Carraftine as the perfunctory and scientist, and Term Statuna (star of Russ Meyer's Paster, Passycatt Killf Killf) as the femme faile. Soft or houcks, but long on bergain-budget innovation, 4stra-Zombies was the first of three horror films and the state of the stat

He followed this three years later with the even more

"renoved: The Corpus Grinders (1971). Made on a budget estimated to be brown entire-tjejkt and forty-seven thousand dollars (sources conflict as to the exact amount), this film managed to reach the number one pot on the weekly top filly entire the sevent of the sevent of the sevent of the sevent origin theory fare, the title and equally haird ad campaign would have guaranteed the film at least a medicam of success, but it for surpassed all expectations, (of course, the fact that it headfield a triple-fall that also included The Embalers (1965) and the aforementioned The Undersaker and His Pals afone combined to in property).)

Machs as a director, as it marked the year he helmed two of his most substantial contributions to exploitation circuma. To his most substantial contributions to exploitation circuma. To first contribution is his third horror film, a modest little deviworshipping call fils. that hore the unterpretable moniker of Blood Orgy of the She-Devils. (Many newspapers flat out refused to include the film's appurately controversial misinisting that it be trimmed, this usually left it breeft of the sexually-implied in safecthes of "Shood orney.")

The second film was a particularly ambitious effort for a filmmaker with such limited means, namely The Doll Squad, a spy film that focused on the exploits of an all-girl group of secret agents. Although it couldn't bold it's own against the James Bond franchise, or the bigger-budgeted knock-offs that were popular in previous years, Hollywood apparently thought it worthy to rip off. The unabashed similarities to these films and-in particular--TV's hit show Charlie's Angels could not be overlooked: the scriptwritersflasrant in their pilfering-even retained some of the characters' names from the latter. From this debacle, it is easy to see why Mikels distrusted Hollywood and sought to make movies without the assistance of bio studios. (Early on, he lived in and worked from a castle home in the Verdugo Mountains near Hollywood-which was used as a setpiece in many of his earlier films-but eventually relocated to Las Vegas. One can't help but wonder if his anathema to Beverly Hills had anything to do with this )



Although Mikels did the best with the resources afforded him, they are all "marred" by the warting production values. Sets and props were havily piece-meaded together, the excepts orden matched of "mogh chart." and the competency of large them are all the competency of the state of the stat

In lieu of badget committee, Milach realized early on that he needed something to drew fillegener, as well as the needed something to drew fillegener, as well as shortcomings. Ever the showness with a graup on the psychology of silegal for land, Milach designed cleares and companies that calculated on the ever-growing demand for work of the committee of the committee of the committee of work shortful elements. Once he get them into the floater, he would then do his best to keep their attention, even if the film single plot device, he would instead combine teeringly random elements from different genres. Although this formula proved to sentable at time, it would instead on the companies of the committee of the committee of the comtant of the committee of the committee of the comtant of the committee of the committee of the comtant of the committee of the committee of the comtant of the committee of the committee of the comtant of the committee of the committee of the comtant of the committee of the committee of the comtant of the committee of the committee of the comtant of the committee of the committee of the comtant of the committee of the committee of the comtant of the committee of the committee of the comtant of the committee of the The aforementioned three horror films are often looked upon as the pinnacle of his career because of such contrivances, as well as the clever packaging.

With the close of the 70s, the style of exploitation films that were once the staple crop of drive-in theaters became essentially obsolect. The advent of video was quickly too long cinciplexes and home video were fighting over money; the average family allotted to such forms of entertainment. Obviously, there was not enough left to support local drive-lin, nor the films whose threshood depended on

By the mid-80s, many film aficionados found themselves pining for these precious B-flins that were onne so proliferate. An underground comprised of exploitation junkies took it upon themselves to preserve the memory of these productions. Soon flaraines such as Plychotronic, and even teacher Va bow Interedialsy Strange Films began printing the works of filmmakers like Ray Deenis Steckler, Ferschell Gerden Levis, Aody Milligan, Daris Wishnam, and—of

During this time, he apparently lensed numerous films, but—as far as I know—they are all unavailable. (More than likely, most of these productions were never released, or are even unflished; information on them tends to be even sketchier then that available on his earlier output. If they ever were released, they never gameed an audience as his films.

did in the previous decade.)

Although Mikels' career has waned considerably, he remains insistent on his DIY attitude. Other producers have

made offers to outright buy the rights of his earlier catalog—in particular The Corpse Grinders—in order to redistribute and even make sequencies of them. (Mikels has claimed that his films have grossed him in excess of \$100, 000,000. Even if this figure is exaggerated, it is obvious that be has made a healthy profit from his ceuvre, this in mind, it is no surprise that other renterreneus are easer to set their hands on this cands own.)

Don't filmer films manage to recurs conceiling of a relace comparable to his carief fore, it is desirable that they will approxe the hearts and interest of modern films as his films of the desirable to the conceiling the control of the theory of the control of the control of the control of the receptive as it was in years past. Even today's independent film—with the consequence of the occasional Blade Witch most everyone outside of a lag mode, and which was autour of in the low-budget film of yeartyme, Four if he never texts beliefed the camera again, flough, it is a given that the control of the control of the control of the control of the reception of the control of the control of the control of the projection of the control of the control of the control of the exploitation circum.

A. A. A.





# Ted V. Mikels Filmography

AKA:

AKA: Theo Mikacecci AKA: Then Mikacewich

AKA: Theodor Mikacevich

These are films on which Mikels functioned as director

Agent for H.A.R.M. (1967) Alex Joseph and His Wives (1978) aka The Rebel Breed

Angel of Vengeance see War Cat Astro-Zombies (1968)

aka The Space Vampires

aka Space Zombies The Black Klansman (1966)

aka I Crossed the Color Line aka I Crossed the Line Blood Orgy of the She-Devils (1973)

aka Female Plasma Suckers

The Corpse Grinders (1971) The Devil's Gambit (1982) Dimension in Fear (1997) Dr. Sex see The Doctors

The Doctors (1963) aka Dr. Sex

The Doll Squad (1973) oka Hustler Sauad aka Seduce and Destroy

Female Plasma Suckers see Blood Orgy of the She-Devils

Fool's Prospects (Date unknown) The Girl in Gold Boots (1967) Hustler Squad see The Doll Squad I Crossed the Color Line see The Black Klansman

I Crassed the Line see The Black Klansman Naked Vengeance (1986)

Omega Assassin (1991) One Shocking Moment (1964)

aka Suhurban Affair Operation Overkill (1984)

The Rebel Breed see Alex Joseph and His Wives Seduce and Destroy see The Doll Squad Space Angels (1985)

The Space Vampires on Astro-Zombies Space Zombies see Astro-Zombies Strike Me Deadly (1963)

Suhurhan Affair see One Shocking Moment Ten Violent Women (1978)

aka Women's Penitentiary Up Your Teddy Bear (1968)

War Cat (1987) aka Angel of Vengeance

Women's Penitentiary see Ten Violent Women

By By By





# Trais & Collector Troubled Waters in a Not-So-Safe Karnor

by Scott Aaron Stine

Collectors are an insufferable lot. We spend our waking hours searching out those coveted pieces of nostalgia that make our life seemingly whole; the remainder of our time is selfishly spent thinking about our beloved collectibles. C'mon, guys, be honest: How many times during sex-and I'm talking good, nay, great sex here-have you drifted off, thinking about a piece you saw at a comic book convention that you couldn't afford but-you knew was destined to be yours, or a video store that was on the verge of going under and whose shelves are graced with many an old clamshell? (More often than not, "sex" may have to be replaced with "masturbation," as we are a sorry lot of geeks and other assorted misfits.) Our entire existence revolves around filling those holes in our collections that are just crying, begging to be filled. (No sexual analogies there. Really.) So, when something new comes along that opens new doors for us. something that feeds our nasty little habits whilst offering a world of goodies at our sweaty little fingertins, we jump at the chance like lepers to lip balm.

Unfortunately, such a boon may also prove to bemore often than not—a bane we never expected.

About two months ago (as of this writing, anyway) I introduced myself to the world of eBay, the Internet's largest online auction house. (Christ, who hasn't heard of eBay? Standing in line at the post office with a arm load of priority nackages, or cashing a handful of money orders at the bank. the first question the clerks usually ask me is "So you're doing the eBay thane, buh?" I still not dumbly at this onery, but now such reactions are inadvertently tinged with guilt, disappointment, and frustration.) I had heard through friends and Internet news groups that it could be quite profitable to me, both as a collector and as the occasional dealer. (About four times a year I frequent local comic book conventions, selling detritus from my own collection, duplicates of pieces 1 had upgraded or pursuits with which I simply grew bored.) These cons (the double entendre there is never lost on me), though, weren't the best place for unloading many collectibles, so I decided to give "the eBay thang" a whirl,

Selling didn't seem to be much of a problem, although I wann repeared for the burden of responsibilities that come with being an estay deader. (Once I figured out how much time and energies I speat prussing this, I realized just selling my ware contine.) have received an ungoldy amount most of glowing feedback. This has been in reference to every axect of my beariest dealing.



Wouldn't you just love to see this box sitting on your shelf?

shipping, what have you. Obviously, part of my success can be attributed to my business ethics and my knowledge of various fields. But this was only part of it.

Once my own purchases began flooding, my post office box, I began to see just why all off my customers were so gosh darm happy doing business with yours truly. In hindsight (the ass that I am) I realized that it's not necessarily because I'm so damn honest and wise, but because damn near everyone else wart. Simply put, most of the so-called business with) are either A: Unethical cretin, or B: Ignorant savages of the lowest common denominator.

My first umpleasant experience was with a "gentlemma" through whom I purchased acropy of the obscur-"jum" Meastleaver Massacer (1976) on video. I had been looking, for a copy of this finin for sandy fifteen years, better consistent of the purchased of the purchased of the across were at off the beatest track video stors; who were unwilling to part with any of their catalog, titles. When this came up for auction on ellay, I leaget at the chance, but not better inquiring about the condition of both their docjust as imperiate—the studies looks. (At the price it was being part and the purchased of the price it was being almost every that of pay more than ten looks for any ex-email anions every that of pay more than ten looks for any ex-email anions every that of pay more than ten looks for any ex-email anions every that of pay more than ten looks for any ex-email anion server that of pay more than ten looks for any ex-email anions every that of pay more than ten looks for any ex-email anions. copy, and eighty percent of my 2500 piece video collection is near mini, and two thirds of the titles are long out of print. I'Ve learned that eventually I'll come across even the rarest film in someone's burgain hin, quite offent for five backs or leaseespecially litles such as thece. Stores are usually more than willing to clear this uniquility dress off their selves, especially now that DVDs are demanding more and more space in clusin sortes. I may be cheap, but I've never been given a very good reason to be frivolous with my money, But I digress...)

Hmmm... I'm feeling particularly evil, and besides, what better way to tell the story than to use the actual correspondence of those involved? Hold on while I excavate some e-mail here... (Although names have been withheld. Woos have been preserved in order to mortest the literate.)

Subj: Question about Meat Cleaver Massacre Date: 10/1/99

From: Trashfiend
To: name withheld

Concerning the copy of Meat Cleaver massacre you have up for auction at E-Bay, I was wondering if you could tell me a little more about the condition of the box or sleeve. Thank you for any information you can provide

Subj: Re: Question about Meat Cleaver Massacre Date: 10/2/99 4:01:56 AM Pacific Daylight Time

From: name withheld To: Trashfiend

its is good to great condition, mike

Subl: Re: Ouestion about Meat Cleaver Massacre

From: Trashfiend
To: name withheld

o: name w

Mike,

Your ad already states that the video has for Meast-case Meast-care in "good" condition. I am looking for a copy that I will not need to apprade, with this determining if I half for one In It is a thing to or Hapel poor, and I go, what were due it shows, I fam? (Stress marks, tours, crashed convers, status, Meast-tag, what may you!) If it is destroided, it is tensor in Meast-tag, when they you! I find a clambell, I would definitely that to know I don't meet no to usual displaying, but one person?

"good" condition may mean an upgrade for another (In comic book grading terms, "good" is anhankely workless to mast serious collectors, unless they are collecting highly scarce Golden Age pieces, but even them, it is avoided if possible I) the box is in near mint shape, with a minimum of wear, you can be sure that I will be willing to bet much higher, too. Subj: Re: Question about Meat Cleaver Massacre
Date: 10/2/99 12:39:10 PM Pacific Daylight Time
From: name withheld

To: Trashfiend

it is a studio box what else would it be..mike

Subj: Re: Question about Meat Cleaver Massacre Date: 10/2/99 From: Trainfiend

A studie how to \$\frac{1}{2}\tau\$, "The must mainterior m videos are released in this stor of \$\text{how}\$ Distrip house are a dead of \$\frac{1}{2}\tau\$, then distributed have the format normality are grant video ledeck that still save the format normality are grant comparing, although most exploitation-released video ledels (Whard V shop, Continental Video, etc.) used this format in the end of the things of the state of the state



Subl: Re: Ouestion about Meat Cleaver Massacre Date: 10/2/99 12:38:33 PM Pacific Daylight Time From: name withheld

To: Trashfiend

well i'm not a video doctor or a collector for resale... bid as you wish., i will check the box when i get back but based on your evaluation term i not qualitied to answer...mike

Subj: Re: Question about Meat Cleaver Massacre Dote: 10/3/99 4:12:57 AM Pacific Daylight Time From: name withheld

To Trashfiend

hi its a studio box, slips out the caver i believe opens like a book got it about 20 yr ago, but will look at it monday when i get bock...mike

Subl: Re: Ouestion about Meat Cleaver Massacre Date: 10/3/99 3:36:01 PM Pacific Daylight Time From: name withheld To: Trashfiend

hi got back early its in a 4x7 box on the catalina home video 1983 copyright opens like a book with the video sliding out left hand side top and bottom has a black 1/4 inch border thats a little worn on the four corners ...mike

10/18 payment recieved for seller 10/19/99 12:37:51 PM Pacific Daylight Time From: name withheld

hi. .. got your credit card, money order payment vesterday 10/18...shipped video today 10/19...vou should have the video by 10/23...if not email me with shipped date to trace....enjoy the videos leave feedback if possible...mike

the bottom of this email is a mistake i'm a slow typist...so i'm leave it going along.

Re: Ouestion about Meat Cleaver Massacre Subi: Date: 10/22/99

From: Trashfiend name withheld To:

Mike.

To: Trashfiend

I just received the copy of Meatcleaver Massacre today, and was not at all happy with what I received. It is not in either "good" or "great" condition. You failed to mention the fact that it was beat to a bloody pulp. There were numerous tears (some of which were "fixed" with Scotch tape), peels, bends and creases, and the edges were rough. That is why I wanted you to specify the condition. Furthermore, you included no packing of any sort in with the video, so it accrued further damage from being crushed in shipping. People who have no concept of condition or grading or basic common sense

should not be allowed to sell online, but unfortunately, there is no way to police such things.

Re: Ouestion about Meat Cleaver Massacre. Date: 10/22/99 5:08:00 PM Pacific Daylight Time

From: name withheld To: Trashfiend

well ... sorry you feel that way .... mike

Not as sorry as I felt, I can assure you. The combination of the disappointment, and the frustration of having to deal with an absolute moron, was not a constructive waste of time in my eyes

Two other tapes I ordered-under the pretense they were "mint"-were discouraging as well. Even though the dealers have since made good on them, I am still out the cost of shipping them back, and the time and energy (and ulcer pangs) of having to secure them in the first place. One was a copy of Andy Warhol's Dracula from Video Gems, the only stateside release of this film to sport a clamshell, and the original one-sheet poster art on the cover. The owner, though, was either so oblivious or so unscrupulous enough to overlook the sad fact that the original insert had been trimmed down considerably, cut into thirds, and hastily taped back together in order to fit a smaller studio-sized clamshell. Needless to say, I was not at all impressed with the unsightly mess that made its way to my post office box. The other video I "temporarily" secured was the

original Wizard Video release of Carnival of Blood (1970). The studio box didn't suffer any serious defects... save for the extreme sun damage that had not only bleached the original oranges, reds, and blues to an almost uniform hue, it even completely eradicated certain parts of the cover art, including the classic Wizard logo. Since I already owned a hammered copy of said film. I did not need another unsightly one cluttering up my collection.

My dealings on eBay rarely got any worse than this. if only because-after these debacles-I began grilling the dealers even more before bidding, and pretty much ignored any listing that wasn't accompanied by a photograph of the item. (Save for my encounter with "Norman." but I'm savine that-the worst-for last.) Even so, my problems did not dissipate altogether. Although my purchases improved-as far as videos were concerned-1 still found myself wasting a godforsaken amount of time dealing with morlocks who had absolutely no business dealing with collectibles. (I guess most of them were tired of flipping burgers at MickeyDs, and sought to supplement their income by reselling dross they skimmed off the top of Blockbuster's PVT bins to unsuspecting newbies who make the dire mistake of assuming they're, well, something more than disgruntled burger flippers pawning off the dross they skimmed off the top of Blockhuster's PVT hins )

What, you're still unconvinced, huh? Here's some more wacky, unexpurgated correspondence from one of my

many attempts to garner some simple information in the way of video box condition:

Subj: Buried Alive Date: 11/14/99 Fram: Trashflend@aol.com

To: name withheld@majorvideo.com

Concerning the copy of Buried Alive you have un for ouction on E-Bay, could you tell me a little more about the condition of the box? (Has the box been cut to fit a clamshell, or are there any tears, crushed corners, stress marks, sticker damage, et al.?) Thanks for any information you can offer me.

Subi: RE: Buried Alive Dote: 11/15/99 6:20:37 AM Pacific Standard Time

From: name withheld@majorvideo.com To: Trashfiend@anl.com

the box is in good condition. it is not a cutbox, it is like the USA boxes, or for lack of a better example... a porn box., the clamshell fits inside the box art Dan

Subi: Re: Buried Alive Date: 11/15/99

From: Trashfiend@aol.com

To: name withheld@majorvideo.com

It's called a "display" box and, yes, it's the standard of the adult film industry. (Unfortunately, because of the unwieldly size, many video stores have a tendancy to cut down the baxes and stuff whatever remains in a smaller studio clamshell to homovenize their stock, which makes it a tricky thing to buy previously rented tapes sight unseen as many people don't seem to realize this.) You say the box is in "good" condition. but to some people this simply means the bax is intact. I am looking for a copy I do not need to upgrade (near mint or fairly close) which is why I need to know if there's any real damage to it. These oversized display baxes tend to get banged up pretty fast-accruing crushed corners, torn flans, fading, whatever-so I would like to know if there's anything unaesthetic about it, as I do not want to ask for a refund if it isn't what I'm lead to believe it is. I apolooize for being so finicky, but I am a serious collector, and have already been screwed out of a fair amount of money by E-Bay dealers who are either painfully ignorant or utterly unethical, and am trying to cut this to a minimum. Thank you fo any light you can shed on this, and I hope to hear from you soon

Subi: RE: Buried Alive

Date: 11/15/99 12:05:55 PM Pacific Standard Time Fram: name withheld@majorvideo.com

Ta: Trashfiend@aol.com

I didn't want to generalize it, everything is called "display box" ... the best description is the old USA boxes ... and no it has not be cut down, it remains intact. Dan

Subi: Re: Buried Alive Dote: 11/16/99

From: Trashflend@aol.com

To: name withheld@majorvideo.com

First thing, they aren't all "display" baxes. Technically speaking, "display box" is the term exclusive to those oversized boxes 5.75" x 9" (although some-like Active Home Video-are slightly smaller). "Studio box" is the term reserved for the mainstream standard of 4.25" x 7.5". (Additionally, studio clamshells-popular amone bootleegers-are 4 75" x 8", and display clamshells-now pretty much exclusive to Disney-are 5.5" x 8.75".)

Second, my second letter was not to determine if it had been cut down-you made that clear in the previous e-mail-but to find out overall condition. To quote my last letter: You say the box is in "good" condition, but to some people this simply means the box is intact. I am looking for a copy I do not need to upgrade (near mint or fairly close) which is why I need to know if there's any real damage to it. These oversized display boxes tend to get banged up pretty fast-accruing crushed corners, torn flaps, fading, whatever-so I would like to know if there's anything unaesthetic about it, as I do not want to ask for a refund if it isn't what I'm lead to believe it is, I apologize for being so finicky, but I am a serious collector, and have already been screwed out of a fair amount of money by E-Bay dealers who are either painfully ignorant or utterly unethical and am trying to cut this to a minimum.

I apologize for being redundant; I am simply looking for a little clarity.

Thank you for your time.

From:

Subi: RE: Ruried Alive 11/17/99 6:15:40 AM Pacific Standard Time Date:

name withheld@majorvideo.com To: Trashfiend@aol.com

I can appreciate your apprehensiveness.... I have been in the business for about 15 years. I understand where you are coming from... Now that we've established what kind of hox this is... the condition is a 7.5 on scale of 10, there are only slight tears at the creases of the flats. I would say that the hox art is in very good condition for it being this type of display box, and the age of the movie. I have this helps. Dan

Not only was I tired of this little same. I had also wised up enough to realize that it was not in my best interest to deal with this man any longer. Unfortunately, this wisdom didn't extend to my most recent debacle, one that has-at least for the time being-completely put me off on the whole "eBay thang,"

Then there's Norman. This man is the quintessence of everything I'm so desperately trying to warn you about. (As another eBay seller put so eloquently, "every industry has a bottom rung, and ours is Norman the Junk Peddler.") 1 stumbled across his listings and found that he had a couple of films I still needed. He claimed they were "near mint" sobeing quite naïve in thinking that someone else on eBay could



Norman claims this is "Near Mint." I'm convinced; are you!

misgrade something as such—I bid on a few. The postage, though, wa quite exorbitant the charged twice for shing because he was apparently functioning as a middleman) so, to bring down the overall price. I bid on and won several other pieces at what I thought were reasonable rates. Nothing great, mind you; either they were pieces I needed to upgrade could use as trade with other collectors. When I finally (emphasis on "finally") received my When I finally (emphasis on "finally") received my

order, I was none too pleased. This is the letter I sent him:

#### Norman

I just received the videos I ordered from you some time back, and—for the most part—lwa press diguested by the condition they were in. You specifically stated that—on both your possings and in my ansert—shall the boses were all in near mists condition. The only piece I received that could be considered more mine with ground Atlantie. From there it's all downhall. The cover of kiss of the Tarintalia was almost considered more mists. On the result of the considered of the piece of the state of th

Farmers had some severe crushing, and I paid as much on this niece as I did because I was under the impression it was near mint. (Otherwise, I would have never went above the starting hid.) As for 10 Violent Wamen, the clamshell case was so had that I had to three it away and replace, and the insert suffered from extreme wear, including tears, excessive fraying, and damage from having been folded at one point to fit a smaller studio clamshell. The worst of the batch, though, was The 7 Reathers Meet Dracula, the condition of which couldn't have been depreciated had it been cut to fit a clamshell. I don't think I have ever seen a box accrue so much damage and still be in one piece. (I can't even imagine what this tape went through to look the way it does, and why someone didn't just throw it away at some point.) At the risk of being rude. I am extremely tired of dealing with people on eBay who know nothing about collectibles, nothing about orading, and nothing about the business in general, Having been a serious collector and dealer since the late 70s. I have seen more abuse and ignorance in the last few months than I have in my previous twenty years in the business.

#### Thank you for being receptive.

#### Scott Stine

P.S. The catalog you sent me-or, more specifically, the prices accompanying the pieces you had for sale therein-had me in hysterics. Knowing there are people out there, though, who would even consider paying such phenomenal prices (especially if they're in what you consider "near mint") is a verty disturbing thought indeed.

Three days later, I had not received a response from Norman, so I left him some bad feedback that simply stated: Uses near mint indiscriminately for video condition; most are trashed. Next thing I know I found this on my own feedback page: walls like a little haby on feedbar instead of e mailing seller about problems. I dutifully responded with: Mailed him about problems, no response, so posted had feedback, A day letter. I got hit with another of Norman's postings: crys like a little baby on feedbag, instead of dealing w sellers on problems. No, you're not seeing double; it was the same message almost verbatim. Whether he was purposefully "feedback bombing" me, or had his trademarked Hawaiian shirt on a bit too tight and forgot he'd already hit me the day before, I can't say. Regardless, I responded with a simple Enough of your own redundant whining. Incompetence can't best professionalism. Since I couldn't bitchslap this simpering puddle of snot, this would just have to suffice.

His pathetic aboves of worth (which amounted to a young boy being cought with his fingers in the cookie jar) didn't stop there. He responded to my posting on his feetback so many listed some gost resistance and em back so many listed some gost resistance. Leavy for you to say, Norman. I had already wested enough time and moneys dealing, with this surviving trud. It was already an expensive for videos that vera" mear minit. "and a serousity doubted he for videos that vera" mear minit." and a serousity doubted he would pay for the return postage, (the tries, faillely to cover up bio incompetence in the responses to the Medisubsc postage about him, going on and on about how oververed he is. "Scartfriding quality for quantity int' exactly a reason that will would write if given a second chance, but I'm not piping to left the opportunity wint's collection, and the main sinability to use Spall Checker, as my own e-mails are riddled with typo, but-meedles that are my own e-mails are riddled with typo, but-meedles my own of the same are riddled with typo, but-meedles my own of the same are riddled with typo, but-meedles my own of the same are riddled with typo, but-meedles my own of the same are riddled with typo, but-meedles my own of the same typo, but-meedles my own of the same typo of my own redundant websing. It's time someone else learned from my mistakes, Here's some basics:

For someone not all that knowledgeable about the field of video collecting, it is easy to see how they could be lured in by such promises as "OOP" (out of print) and "rare". Those who have been collecting, eriously for almost length of time will immediately recognize just how abused these two terms or on eBay. If I had to make a call, had have to say that only about 30% of the films touted as OOP on eBay are just that, and maybe 10% of the films touted as rare

are truly, truly hard to find.

OOP implies that there are no video labels currently producing a particular till. Just beause the local Successive Video desent stock a film does not mean that it is out of print. (They tend to limit what they keep in stock, but chances are they can special order even the more obscure titles for you, if the label is still in shienses.) Vasully, if one video table folks, there's so apoptrumistic competitor eager to buy up the rights and release the selfation till—office untilizing the previous company's print and box art—before the remains have even cooled.

Videos considered "rare" can be quite misleading as well. (The fact that so many videos offered on eBay are listed as such should in itself be cause to distrust such claims.) Films that are "rare" should fit the following criteria: 1. The print runs of such films were particularly low, and were more than likely released by a small independent label. (Companies like Unicorn, Regal, and Midnight Video, as opposed to Warner Brothers, TriStar, and MCA/Universal.) 2. The film has been out of print and/or in moratorium for at least ten years. 3. In all likelihood, the video was released in what is now obsolete packaging, i.e. Display boxes or display clamshells. With many chains, these larger boxes proved too awkward to display, and were/are cut down to fit smaller studio clamshells. Also, rarity is difficult to determine unless one has some clue about country-wide availability: what is tough to find here in the wilds of Washington State may be a dime a dozen on the east coast, and vice versa. (I have come across videos on eBay which I have never personally stumbled across in person, but have proved to be gotten for a pittance online. Granted, certain versions of films can be OOP or

Granted, certain versions of films can be OOP or rare, but that doesn't mean that there's a demand for that exact release. (One can argue that specific release of films are out of print or rare, even though the film itself is still in circulation. These terms should be used specifically for films that are no longer being produced by anyone legitimately. unless they defined the qualifiers relating to a particular version, whether it he a definent video label or alternate low arts). For example: The King of Video release of Night of the Living Dead is particularly tough to come by, and may be sought after by a fiwe (a very few) collectors because it is a sected display cleamble bearing the eriginal one-abelot potential or the control of the con

few years back. Many dealers, though, will tack on any old adjective that they think will appeal to the novice collector, unaware of what they imply. (The fact that they list many films as both Rare and OOP-a knuckle-headed redundancy that is hard to overlook-only belies their lack of experience, knowledge, and good old-fashioned horse sense.) Let's add to this the much-abused label of "cult classic:" being an obscure piece of cow flop does not make a film thus. A film that has or has had a substantial underground following, like The Rocky Horror Picture Show, Night of the Living Dead, Pink Flamingos, Eraserhead, El Topo, Plan Nine from Outer Space, Blood Feast... now those are cult classics, with the credentials to prove it. Not-as some dealers would lead you to believetitles such as Night of the Comet. Monster Squad. Pieces. 976-EVIL, The Return of the Swamp Thing, Clowhouse, and Surf Nazis Must Die. (The latter films were actually posted on eBay as "cult classic" in the week prior to the writing of this article, believe it or not. Even Ripley would have a hard time swallowing such bonnyclabber.) Sure, I'd love for Blood Freak, Criminally Insane, and Horror of the Blood Monsters bestowed with such honors, but if it hasn't bappened by now, it probably ain't gonna' ever.

o distinguished experiments for cheep factor to another?" That's a distinguished experiment for "cheep faction brooke," (If you wanted pay upwards of ten bucks for an unwatchable fourth generation bootle, guthen bein younged). And just because a film is currently ODP doesn't mean it's perfectly legal to self-dapps of it's comone, somewhere proabably still owns the rights to it, refusing to let them lapse. (Methinks anyone pandering bootlegs aboud pat that in the header of the post to people like me don't have to waste our time downloading what we think is a leptimate tape.)

Albough I've limited my article to the parchasting of videos (since that constituted the bulk of my early supexperiences). The problems extend into other fields or collectibles (Knowing my lack, I will have accumulated enough anecdotes and nightmarish exchanges to justify and followage in a future issue, although I'm hoping this doesn't come to pass. My pocketbook—and my ulcer—can only take so much.)

And so it goes, the self-proclaimed "safe harbor" has proven beyond a shadow of a doubt—to Yours Truly, anyway—to be rife with problematic undertows. Inevitably, I'll continue to frequent elbay in order to secure the various collectibles that I cannot find elsewhere; although, my buying

has develoid substantially since the first few months. I bit to think that I've latered from my missisks, and can now minimize gating, seef, find faciled by the ephemerancepher period of the period of the period of the period of the minimization of "Phi Thin Colleston". I begin to make life a later bit cases for readers that decide to jump into these middled vatters in seath for whatever staff or responsible for their own sleepless night. If there's one thing, one single very the period of the period of the period of the period of the first Michael to the period of the

222

## YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ...

Exter insect in The train Colléction, we we desence to spentible a locky dealer—most littley one who frequents spentified in the control of the control of the control in definitely on crock." Again names will be stithled but the endeavors of their integritude and/or anothical business practices will be put on display for all to see. (Lifortunately, their endeavors orbivously pas off, other wise they wouldn't keep pawning off this dreek for big bucks.)



The owner of this tape claimed in his posting that, in reference to the condition of the studio box. "There is a little bit of pen scribble on the back of the sleeve but that's it!!" The ironic thing is that not only did this tape get seven bids, the lucky whoner got it for a paltry S26 plus postage! Gee, what a luckb bastard.

#### Afterword to The Trash Collector

Inoperfully, no one preceives this article as an anack on effity itself, it alliaded to the netroic, clinky (and other confine saccieties sizes, many of which i'm unfamiliar) should be essent-and even occasionally purchased—ferms I've had no lack securing by other means. Unfortunately, there are far too many unethical and ignorant people using this as a dismplied and analysis of the second o

It is also up to you to discourage such eretins. If someone does not make good on a product, or goes against the rules to discreal you safe you've confronted them ("feedbackbeck their Rules and Regulations before filling any some you've confronted them ("feedbackbeck their Rules and Regulations before filling any some you've you will be problem. Obsolute heads and you will be problem of the you've you will be problem of the you will be problem. It is also you will be problem of the you will be problem. It is also you will be problem of the you will be problem. It is also you will be problem of the you will be problem. It is also you will be problem.

Here's to some smoother sailing.

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### Some Helpful Hints for Buying on eBay & Other Online Auction Sites

Ed Research a dealer's seller rating and feedback before bidding on an item they have up for auction. If negatives are not far and few between, or confirm a problematic trend concerning a specific facet of their transactions, approach at your own risk.

If any part of the item's description is vague (whether it concerns condition, authenticity, shipping, etc.), e-mail the seller for clarity. If they are evaitive, or do not answer the question's to your liking, approach at your own risk. (If they don't respond to your e-mail at all in a reasonable amount of time, assume the worst.)

Ø Do not send cash unless you can afford to lose it. Although sending canh can save you the \$30 it costs for a pottal money order, there are no records of payment being made. If it money order is "lost in the mail," it can be traced or canceled by whoever issued the check. (The fee to do so, though, is usually upwards of three bocks.) It may not be worth the effort when payment is under ten bucks, but it is highly suggested for anything exceeding that.

Ed If you are at all worried about the item's getting to you in the condition they are sent, insure them. It is reasonably desap (about \$.83 for anything under \$\$0.00) and will cover the cost of the item's if they are lost or damaged in shipping. (Since some dealers know little or nothing about packaging things securely, I recommend it for costly, high-grade collectibles.) MISCELLANEA Page 47







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Scott's Video Vault Continued from page 23

## 8MM continued...

character, (Joaquin Phoenix as his reluctant sidekick also does an admirable job, and offers one of the most amiable characters in the film.) Kudos also goes out to the score, which takes a distinctly Middle Eastern approach that strangely compliments the material.

Of course, the film is littered with elements of exploitation. The film's blunt dissection of the skin trade is almost laughable at times, but still makes for an enjoyable jaunt in the seamier side of life. As mentioned earlier, the confrontation with the killers looks to have been struck from a mature audiences comic book, with a flambovant and somewhat unhinged lead villain, and his masked, testosterone ridden and sado-masochistically driven right hand man. (The third-rate pornographer who acquires the model for the killers is much more convincing in his role as an accomplice; his confrontation with Cage also marks what is by far the most disturbing scene in the film.)

Despite its faults-the inevitable by-products of being a Hollywood production-8MM is a highly recommended film for those who don't mind an occasional foray into more serious territory.



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The Making of a Snuff Film Historian Continued from page 29

knowledgeable in the field than me.) He asks me about my collection of horror films. I give my current stock number of "about 1700," be gives a "wow" of a response, and 1 continue to work on automatic pilot, hoping to sound as much the skeptic as I am a trash fiend. I'm easily coerced into fouring my still-unpublished book The Gorehound's Guide to Splatter Films, hoping that a prospective publisher just happens to be listening in on whatever podunk radio station sought me out, but it not being New York or Los Angeles-the chance of this happening is infinitesimal.

The interviewer asks if I could make him a copy of the film Snuff ("no problem." I say) and thanks are exchanged. He leaves me, just as nonphised as I was the day before. I look at the clock, and notice that it's just barely after nine. The snuff historian extraordinaire clears his throat, puts on his other shoe, and calls up his editor at SI,

something he should've done the day before. Having secured a copy of the original article from

Flashnet News Service. Ben reads it to me in its entirety. including-well-certain pertinent details that the others declined to give me. Apparently, both the arresting officer and the prosecutor are already convinced-despite any evidence-that there is and has been for many years a lucrative market for snuff films. For the arresting officer, he soems to have made this his grail, and to say that he is desperate to turn up evidence to the contrary of my article. would be an understatement. Furthermore, initial reports say that the two-killers-cum-filmmakers did not have any prospective clients in mind, and-like the authorities-just assumed that there was such a market. Although quite vague, these reports would lead me to believe that the marketing of their home movies was either an afterthought, or just a way for them to help justify their sick compulsions. That is, if the case holds up in court. We'll just have to wait and see, now won't we? Unfortunately, people in the media are already jumping to conclusions about the case and how it has put an end to the snuff controversy. One would think that professionals would not take a report from a small news service to be fact when it in and of Itself is not the evidence needed to substantiate such claims, especially since making such assumptions could cause them bud press when it came to retraction time. Needly to say, skepticism is not one of their (the media's) strong suits.

It's nearing noon, and nappy time is calling. I'm a bit afraid to crash for any length of time, now, though, as I'm expecting to hear that ringing-that dampable ringingthe minute my head hits the pillow. I guess I'll bave to catch up with Herr Boorman later about that glow-in-the-dark Creature from the Black Larson puzzle I've been coveting for the last few hours.

No rest for us souff historians, Jeez,

Snuff - The Perpetuation of an Urban Myth Continued from page 29

paper is "fact," even though journalists are only human, and capable of disseminating misinformation, \*

Even the Internet-with a vast wealth of information readily at one's fingertips-is not immune to the power of ignorance. The following is an actual posting by a regular online contributor, as well as several responses to bis

I was reading an article today in my local paper.. (i can't find the thing on the internet anywhere, otherwise I'd paste it up here) Anyways, the article says that 2 german men were tried and given a life imprisonment for killing one woman after sexually assaulting her (catching it all on tape with the intention of selling it), and then kidnapping another woman with the intention of finishing the movie (and her) off., The second woman was able to escape and report the says to the police.. God., what kind of world do we live in? Snuff Films actually exist

That disturbed me a great deal

-name withheld-

there were stories about a smiff film made in South America. that had a strong chance of being distributed in the US during the late 70's or 80's. What a horrific thing, too. They do exsist.

The recent publicity of 8mm had to do with it. I mean, talk about it long enough and somebody's bound to do it, you sorta could see it coming.

There are claims and rumors that the Serbs... are recording rape and murder of young Kosovar girls to sell to pedophiles and snuff fans to help raise money for their war efforts.

Firstly, the person responsible for the initial posting reported the "facts" pretty much as they appeared in the article they read, but-without putting it under any kind of scrutiny, or attempting to define what a snuff film actually is-they come to the conclusion that "Snuff Films actually exist." Unfortunately, the majority of people who read the selfsame article reached the selfsame verdict, even those not desperate to find "proof" to justify their tenuous beliefs.

The responses to this post displayed in the writers a similar mindset, although the third did show responsibility by stating that the claims and rumors about the production of snuff films by the Serbians were just that: Claims and rumors. The second response, though, showed a great deal of presumptuousness and irresponsibility on the part of the writer. Without even knowing all of the facts, they assumed that the film 8MM had somehow inspired the killers, even though the crime for which they were imprisoned was committed a full year before the film was released.

#### The Real Thing?

As for the recent case, information on the details are sketchy at best, but one can see even from this that it probably doesn't even fall under the definitions of the snuff film. Although the killers quite possibly had forethought of selling their film for a profit, it was never substantiated. For all we know, there may be personal and/or legal reasons for not wanting to admit that they derived pleasure from videotaning their victims and wanted to preserve the moment. (One would have to look into that country's laws to see what constitutes the death penalty, or if a prison term would be preferable to institutionalization in a psychiatric facility.) Second, even if there was forethought, there is nothing to indicate that they had a buyer or buyers lined up for the product. They could have just as well have been "convinced that they could sell the film for more than £10,000 on the black market" because the media still quite often refers to snuff films as if they have already been authenticated. (Furthermore, one can't bein but be suspicious of the film's alleged worth because it seems to mirror the oft-quoted price of ten-thousand US dollars that these films supposedly bring in on the American market numbers which again can be traced back to Shackleton's original hoax.)

One must also be on guard because of the Chief Prosecutor's states concerning the existence of surf films. If he has made this his guil—to prove the existence of such a market—he my consciously or subconclusively misplanted everyone involved with the trial (public included) in order to justify such a crusale. (This to may have an influence on the convicted parties; [F It is in their heat internet to play along, with this whites by Changing, embellishing, or even fibricating parts of their socy, men a desporate as them may do just parts of their socy, men a desporate as them may do just the properties of their socy, men a desporate as them may do just the contract of their socy, men a desporate as them may do just the contract of their socy, men a desporate as them may do just the contract of their socy, men a desporate as them may do just the contract of their socy, men a desporate as them may do just the contract of their socy, the contract of the contract of their social tractions.

And finally, the article sent via Electronic Telegraph does not state that the murder was actually captured on film, merely that the victim died before the production could be completed. If it wasn't, then technically it falls in the same category of the other "almost" appea, although it would be one step closer if the intent to distribute such a film for profit was proven beyond a shadow of a doubt.

It would be presumptions to say that the information circulated short the case is false or miscalledily, just as it would be presumptions to take these vague accounts afface when Littlin veg exto hand, on all of the fine-ti-militered by the metal-wave counts accept the claims made in light of the metal-wave counts accept the claims made in light of the country of the country of the country of the claims and the light of the country of th

So, until there is some smattering of empirical

existence of snuff films, it should be considered irresponsible to accept them as truth simply because it is "likely to happen." Mankind can be capable of particularly cruel things, but this sad facet of our humanity is far exceeded by what amounts to simple isportance on the cart of our kin.

#### -

\*Vex. even the bas-intentioned journalists and steptismade mistakes. Since the permig of this stricts's producessor—South—The Making of an Urban Legard - I was ediscovered that I myself spaced along joine errorecom lifetimetics. At this case of these mistakes I was able to restrict in was my asternative but how the list and the following the urgard flat he was not influenced by the Ed Glein case when writing Pysiks. In ruth, to more than readily admitted that within Pysiks in the source than readily admitted that never my intention to misland the exader: instead I was either never my intention to misland the exader: instead I was either and to follow upon yet resource, or I manufal to not following up on a source because I assumed it to be consecuted. Here we have been a supplementation of the protead of the produce of the produce of the produce of the consecution of the produce of the pro



#### Up From the Depths Continued from page 2

probably one of the last havens for mom'n'pop stores. I'm sure there's already many a sorry soul who can sympathize with this plight.

So what do we do, we the selfless advocates of cinema obscuros? Well, not much, except whine, a pointless endeavor considering the deaf ears that are in the position of power. These stores obviously won't kowtow to our feeble demands, as their shelves are stocked to accommodate the other 99.8% of the population-you know, the morass of mediocrity that made Dumb and Dumber a financial success. Who needs good, nav, great bad films like Blood Freak when one can settle with bad bad films like lim Carcy's prophetic ode to stupidity? The fact that Al Adamson's brain-damaged classics (Mr. Eilf's phrase turning, not mine) are getting the red carpet treatment on faserdisc does little to ease the pain which has found a permanent home in the hollow of my withered gut

No. I refuse to end this editorial on an uplifting note, as this ashen-grey cloud has no silver lining. No amount of political upheaval will turn the tides in our favor, Sadly, all is lost. Even as I write, the tears -oh, the tears-are welling up, threatening to spill forth, obscuring the words I write in an inky mire. (What, you think I pen my first drafts with a word processor? Spitting in the face of progress, I am writing this very editorial in the staff room at my workplace. And, ves, everyone is looking at me rather funny like. I've already had to tell two co-workers-much to their chagrin-that. no, I am not writing a suicide note.)

Yes, all is lost. Soon, the videos that we love so dear-the selfsame films that grace our shelves at home, scaring away many a potential date and troubling our parents, will soon be a distant recollection. Their boxes will fade and peel, the delicate half-inch tape will rot or-more than likely-eet eaten by the VCRs we haven't bothered to clean in three, maybe four years, and we will have nothing to show for our efforts save for their brittle remains and some painfully fond memories.

So... since they're just going to waste away anyway, you might as well sell them to me. I still need a copy of Dracula-The Bloodline Continues, and the Air Video release of Andy Warhol's Frankenstein, and I could use an upgrade of The Brides Wore Blood, and, well. Michael still needs quite a few as well, so even if I've already got 'em, he'll want 'em. You've got my address, so... waddva' mean vou don't take credit cards? Oh, poop.

Okay, so I lied; I was able to come up with something on the spur of the moment with which to rant about extensively. Anyway, I think I'm ready for a nappy now. (I don't know what's more tiring: Putting this rag out once every six months, or begging people to sell me their videos. Guess I'll have to sleep on it.)

"So Many Bad Films... So Few Brain Cells"

#### Scatt Stine 2/1/99

The Sinful Dwarf adorning the back cover.)

Scott still reserves some of his ever-growing hate and discontent for such thieving troglodytes as H.A. (Alan) Hale of Al thousand Video; Hart D. Fisher, publisher of Bassard Pros. and editor of Verotik; and the nameless thing that inhabits the Broadway Postal Station. The rest of his venom is currently being rationed for the many incompetent bastards who sell on eBay, and those whom he is forced to work alongside at the Everett Public Library. If

Hichael would simply like to say "I hate you all, and I thank no one but myself."

murder was legal, he'd be a busy man

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like you-yes, you-to pander yer wares in our sleazy rag. Although we're doing pretty damn good without you now, we could do a whole lot better if you took a chance on us. (We'd like to go quarterly and expand the page count, but this ain't a gonna' happen until we get a decent ad base.) In return, we will make sure your name reaches the people who matter the most-namely, film geeks with a whole lotta' money burning a hole in their pockets. And it's dirt cheap, too! Check this shit out:

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## Letters to the Editor

## DO Box 5973 Everett WA 98206-5273

From: vourdixiewrecked@hotmail.com trashfiend@aol.com

Dear Mr. Stine

For years (yes, 2 counts as plural) now, underground video community. I am actually saw the same film. Not all of each credit sequence, and .009 seconds on the actual film. Most also don't know that the other won't fast-forward at ALL, and will lock himself away so as not to be distracted from the movie (no matter how putrid it is, and no matter name of accuracy. Many are not blessed

Hey... we actually got a few responses this time out. Well, kinda' sorta'. If you get sick of reading this filler, send in your own response. (At the very least, it's a cheap fifteen minutes of fame for anyone with the time.)

tendency to make things up, to the point of an entire film complete with novelization, while the other is so dedicated (or idiotic), he will focus completely on whatever is submitted to him for review. This information is absolutely vital in deciding which review to trust, so I say it is time to stop the madness! End the scourge of the Video Underground.

The Coalition of People United Against Antithesis Reviews (A.K.A. Devon)

[Take that, Demon kick-boxing pig maker upper]

(Sounds like a personal vendetta, to me, I wouldn't trust a thing he says; if the hang-up about the demon kick-boxing pig is any indication to this man's mental stability, you have every reason to doubt these unfounded accusations. But, he is a good copy editor, and he works for practically nothing, so I felt obligated to print his sad ramblings. The Editor.)

### ERRATA (The Continuing Saga of the Big "Oops") Last issue had it's fair share of typographical errors, but the one that really stuck in my craw was the misplacement of

a line in the "Satan in the 70s" article, page 25. By inserting a pull quote, the layout program decided to bump the line "productions that continued to justify their shocks with" so as to make parts of the piece unintelligible. Sooo, line twelve in the second column should have been placed immediately after line twenty-seven in the first column. Got that? Also, there's a little flub in the review of The Nightmare Never Ends where I refer to Cameron Mitchell as Jack Palance, (Oh, well, I could never tell the two apart anyway.) And let's not forget the fact that I failed to mention that Simon, King of the Witches has a novelization, even though my review was accompanied by a picture of this book.



### **NEXT ISSUE**

Forget all of the dross we usually cover. GICK! #4 is dedicated to some of the most important and groundbreaking cinematic endeavors to ever



has recordly, while going through some of behavior for lite (don't raik, and I won't till) I perchanced across this rather curious letter that he somehom intercepted from the transled men in minuted recipions. (One wonders what date he got his sidely tilled the latter than he somehom intercepted from the transled men interned recipions. (One wonders what date he got his sidely tilled problem on minuted took him on an compilation. Studden's, the fact that the second of the sidely of the date of the first war representably "on in hispings," are the selfman tilled affectable. The first war accuracy considered. Regardlist, he's out of the room at the moment, and it is doing the find women in this more than an interned to that the opportunity to publicly capter someonic-closer—but mentally field—dataset to over this men, but who have the side of the s

SCHEID! EET EEZ ABOUT TIME ZEY GAVE ME MY FIFTEEN MINUTES OF FAME...



# ESCLAVAS DEL SADISMO





THAT'S "THE SINFUL DWARF", FOR THOSE WHO HO COMPRENDE ESPAÑOL.
ON, AND THERE'S A BUNCH OF OTHER TRASHY FILMS INSIDE AS WELL, SO...
JUST WEFF AFFAITHER.

IT'S ONLY A CRAPPY MAGAZINE...

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